...CITY, TENN...

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1934 NUMBER 1026

Contents

The Week 301

Editorials

Crack Down on the General! 304
Terrorism in California 305
Monopoly's War Chest 306
"Politics" in Southern Illinois 307

General Articles

War on the West Coast ..... Robert Cantwell and Evelyn Seeley 308
Hull House in the Hills ..... T. R. Carkskadon 312
The Teachers Move for Freedom ..... Brent Dow Allinson 314
If We Had a Goebbels ..... Howard Wolf 316
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 317
Other People's Money ..... John T. Flynn 318
Texas Lights: IV ..... Stark Young 319
Movies, Light and Heavy ..... O. F. 320

Correspondence 321

Books in Review

The World Below ..... Otis Ferguson 323
Barnum's Babies ..... Ernest Sutherland Bates 324
Pitkin Products, Inc. ..... Murray Godwin 325
The Modern World in Fable ..... John Cournos 326
Notes from Epicurus ..... Newton Arvin 326
Books in Brief 327

The Week

BENEATH the loudly publicized jubilation over the shooting of Dillinger by federal agents, we have discovered curious undercurrents. People are saying, "Well, after all, he only robbed the banks of a few thousands; what is that beside the money taken by the big financial crooks?" Or, "Well, after all, he is only accused of murdering one man; think of all the suicides and all the starvation caused by the Wall Street guys." Or, "Well, after all, think of the raw deal he got on his first sentence; most crooks are products of the way prisons are run." Or, "Well, after all, he risked his own life; but what chance did the fellows behind the big desks take? Most of them haven't even been sent to jail." Or, "Why couldn't they have taken him alive? It might have been somebody else. It's pretty dangerous when officers begin shooting in city streets." We do not approve these clearly immoral reflections; we simply report them.

THE cold-blooded murder of strikers on the Pacific Coast has had its match in Minneapolis, where police deliberately opened fire on unarmed striking truck drivers, killing one and wounding about fifty. For this action Mayor A. G. Bainbridge and Police Chief Michael Johannes are completely responsible. Against the policy of Governor Olsen, they have done everything they could to break the truckmen's strike in the interest of the employers. There is plenty of evidence that these employers, emboldened by what they consider a defeat for labor in San Francisco, are now determined to smash unionism in Minneapolis completely. There is, however, as reported in The New Republic of July 25, a new and remarkable spirit of common interest and class loyalty among the workers in Minneapolis, in all trades; and even the general public appears to have been sickened by the action of Chief Johannes's uniformed thugs. It is just possible that the employers, who think nothing of safeguarding their profits through the killing of innocent men, may have overreached themselves.

THOUGH the strike among workers of the Kohler Company, Kohler, Wisconsin, is a small one, certain features give it national significance. The Kohler Company, maker of plumbing fixtures, was one of the most highly developed examples of paternalism in the United States. Only six months ago, the National Society of Arts and Sciences, of New York, gave a medal to Walter J. Kohler, president of the company and former Republican Governor of Wisconsin, for "conspicuous service to humanity." The service referred to was undoubtedly the welfare work he did among his employees. Now, however, these employees are demanding things which they ask as a right, not a charity: recognition of their union; a seniority system in laying men off and rehiring them; a 30-hour week in order to spread work; a minimum hourly wage of 65 cents, and a six months' signed agreement.

THERE is one thing to be said of the business men who publish our leading national magazines: their speech is the essence of frankness—when it is not for publication. However much they may pose as disinterested servants of the public, defend-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attend open hearings to advise Congress on social legislation they discard all such pretense among themselves. Thus, in a recent letter to its members, the National Publishers' Association reviews its work during the past year:

> [The Wagner Labor Bill] . . . would have been very costly to all publishers whether or not they operate with their own printing plant. We took a very active part in killing it.
>
> [The Tugwell Pure Food and Drug Bill] . . . would have been a serious blow to all advertising. Your committee and executives were finally successful in modifying this proposed legislation in a fairly satisfactory manner. The net result was no legislation.
>
> [The Unemployment Insurance Bill] . . . provided for a tax of five percent on all pay rolls. Its seriousness speaks for itself and your representatives aided in preventing its passage.

It seems a pity that the representatives of The Saturday Evening Post, McCall's, Good Housekeeping, Time and others could not have spoken with such unadorned bluntness a few months ago, when they were "killing" these important measures. For in their testimony before the Senate committees on these bills they gave almost every reason except the ones summarized above.

THEY argued that the Pure Food and Drug Bill should be defeated because it was dictatorial, bureaucratic, unconstitutional, an invasion of the right of self-medication, and so on, filling hundreds of pages with propaganda of this sort. One hardly suspected that they were even thinking of the advertising revenue involved. Their criticisms of the labor bills were likewise filled with lofty sentiments about the Constitution and bitter denunciation of the proposed invasion by the government of the contractual rights of labor. Little was said about the cost of pay rolls, which now appears to be the main reason for the publishers' opposition. The Association declares that it is "proud of its operations during this year." It is unlikely that the public, which remains unprotected against false advertising of foods and drugs and unprotected against the sale of poisonous cosmetics, will be so generous in its appraisal of the work of the National Publishers' Association. It is good to know, however, where the publishers stand on social legislation—just to the right of our most reactionary industrial interests.

THROUGHOUT the world, persons opposed to fascism will rejoice at the news that the French Socialist party will coöperate henceforth with the Communists "in the struggle against fascism and for the defense of working-class and democratic liberties." The long, and mainly ineffectual, struggle to obtain a "united front" between these two radical parties, in all countries, is too familiar to need repetition here. Such coöperation has existed in fact, though not in theory, in France ever since ers of both parties have been acting jointly against the Right government set up at that time. The general one-day strike of protest (February 12) was the first powerful manifestation of proletarian unity. When orators representing Doumergue organized a series of meetings in the provinces, each of these meetings was accompanied by violent counter-demonstrations staged by Socialist and Communist workers.

EVEN pressure from the rank and file might have been insufficient to bring coöperation by the French Socialists had it not been for the increasingly reactionary attitude of the Doumergue government. Economically, its policy is one of ruthless deflation, cutting wages while reducing the taxes of the rich. Politically, it encourages conservative groups, whether openly fascist or not. The charge is made, and so far as we know, is not denied, that Paris police officials (directly under the control of the national government) have issued a circular to their subordinates suggesting that they employ the assistance of Royalist "storm troops" against radicals engaged in demonstrations. Various fascist groups have already formed a common front. The Socialists have another reason for joining hands with the Communists, in that their influence in Parliament is of dwindling importance when nearly all government decisions are made through emergency decrees. The Socialists have lost all hope of collaborating with the moderate bourgeois parties and are rapidly losing their old-time faith in parliamentary action. Finally, the Socialists undoubtedly recognize that the moment is propitious for attacking fascism, when both in Italy and Germany its failure on the economic field is daily more apparent.

LAST Monday the Berlin correspondent of The New York Times reported that a number of America's outstanding bankers were in that city trying to devise ways of extending credit for raw materials as the prime step to help German industries out of their present impasse. Since this American group of financiers, among them James H. Perkins of the National City Bank of New York City and Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Company, is involved in German industrial undertakings to the extent of almost three billion marks, one can well understand its interest, provided new loans could be adequately guaranteed and their effective use as safeguards for the old investments assured beyond doubt. But this seems more than questionable. George H. Harrison, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, has been quoted as expressing the conviction that nothing could stop the collapse of Germany's financial and industrial structure. If he is right, every dollar invested there would increase the losses of American creditors, only concealing a little longer the bankruptcy of the great industrialists of the Reich. Under the circumstances, the report that "bankers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be cool to any such German plan" was a foregone conclusion. Most assuredly Washington would discountenance further capital investments while Berlin persists in her refusal to make payments of interest on her debts.

ASIDE from considerations of national policy, there are purely economic reasons that should forbid all further loans to the Reich or its industries. Conditions there are going from bad to worse with progressive rapidity. Rationing of food and other articles of consumption as in wartime has begun, together with a supervision and control of all industrial life such as the National Socialists, those self-ordained protectors of the rights of private property, have never before dreamed of. The "self-sufficiency" that seemed to many a Nazi dreamer the essence and distillation of true patriotism has come to the German people overnight as the fruit of the insane financial policies of their leaders. But it is an isolation from necessity, not conviction, and one for which the industries and the people of the nation will have to pay a terrible price.

FOR the present, no one need lose any sleep wondering about Hermann Göring's answer to the charges of the Storm Trooper, Kruse, who claims to be the last surviving member of a band of Nazis who burned the Reichstag. Göring and his accomplices have been in tight spots before, and with the arrogant insolence that has seen them through similar vicissitudes in the past, they will deny this indictment as they have denied so many others. Whether their disclaimers still carry conviction is another question. Many of the most consistent apologists abroad of the Hitler regime, persons who honestly believed in the protestations of the German dictator in the past, have now turned in horror from the cold-blooded vengefulness of this system which calmly butchers its most intimate friends and loyal supporters when they stand in the way of its political interests. Credulous persons who would have dismissed Kruse's charges six months ago, will become reflective; the thirtieth of June has opened eyes that were willfully blind before. Surely the men who ordered the recent atrocities would have no qualms about murdering a poor half-wit like van der Lubbe if by so doing they could undermine the influence of the radical labor movement.

ALL this does not deny that Kruse may be an imposter, who, to court notoriety, has cooked up this story out of the ingredients contained in the voluminous press and other reports concerning the Leipzig trial. But the very fact that his version so closely approximates what experts believe to have been the method used by the official incendiaries suggests its truth. A clever forger would have avoided such obvious parallelism. The rehearsals possibly rank as a profession. It is only a sweated

appearance of the Storm Troopers who were forced to commit the crime, the promise of wealth and security in a land across the sea for the poor, credulous van der Lubbe—all this is so completely in accord with what the world has learned to look for from fascist "statesmen" that it becomes extremely difficult to maintain a healthy skepticism toward this dramatic finale to the Reichstag episode.

WHILE Minneapolis, during the last week-end, afforded an object lesson in capitalist terrorism, it also was the scene of a meeting that may just possibly play an important part in preventing future terrorism of this sort. Delegates from eight states met in a Farmer-Labor Conference to discuss the outlook for a third party, locally, regionally and on a national scale. The delegates reported growing discontent throughout the Northwest, and expressed the belief that much of this discontent can be canalized through a third party. As our readers know, the La Follettes in Wisconsin have already broken away from the old Republican organization in that state. A Wisconsin group considerably to the left of the La Follettes, though affiliated with them, was represented at Minneapolis, and offered evidence that the whole movement in Wisconsin is at present to the left. The Minneapolis conference was chiefly defective in the lack of liaison with the Minnesota Farmer-Labor party itself, which is still reluctant to assume the obligations of a movement wider than the borders of its own state. The next step is the formation of a Farmer-Labor party in all the Northwestern states that do not now possess one, and, in the fairly near future, the calling of a national convention.

WILLARD G. BLEYER, director of the School of Journalism of the University of Wisconsin, has complained in the pages of The Quill of the low salaries permitted in the newspaper code. He points out that in cities of less than 25,000 (where two-thirds of all dailies are published) a reporter or editor may be paid as little as $12 a week, or in the case of a learner, $8.40. If the newspaper code is enforced as some others are, a surprisingly large percentage of all reporters will remain "learners" a surprisingly long time, and will start over again in that category whenever they move from one job to another. Mr. Bleyer says that men won't go through professional training in college to prepare themselves to earn $8.40 a week; and that new recruits for journalism are likely to come from high-school graduates in each city who can live at home, under parental subsidy, until they get up to a living wage —if they ever do. Mr. Bleyer, as the head of a journalism school, has a personal interest in a development that seems likely to cut down his student body; but quite beyond that, we think his point is a legitimate one. Any occupation that pays even its apprentices wages so low as $8.40 a week cannot

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crack Down on the General!

FOR THE past few weeks there has been much speculation as to possible reorganization of the N.R.A. When General Johnson left Washington, responsibility was placed in the hands of a board, and it was said this was to be a test of the committee form of administration, and that if it worked well it would be made permanent. Now comes a rumor from quarters interested in housing that in the fall General Johnson will be superseded by Harry Hopkins, the Relief Administrator, who will have oversight not only over the N.R.A. itself but over the spending program contemplated in the other part of the Recovery Act, with special emphasis on housing. The theory of this conjecture is that neither in general industry nor in the construction program has the theory of self-rule of business produced the results expected, and that a program of more governmental spending, coupled with more public control over business, will be favored by the President.

Whatever form the reorganization is to take, it is now clearer than ever that the administration must, if it is to make even any pretense of living up to its promises, get rid of General Johnson. Indeed, it is a question whether the General's combination of action and failure to act has not already compromised the administration's assumed purposes beyond hope of repair. It is argued that General Johnson will not, or should not, resign "under fire." Such a doctrine of public responsibility is absurd. It would mean that the more dangerous and unpopular an official became, the more tightly he should hold to his power.

Consider the General's behavior in the San Francisco strike. He is reported as having said at Berkeley, while the general strike was on, "Labor is inherently entitled to bargain collectively through representatives of its own chosing. I think that the employer who denies or even obstructs that right is anti-social. . . . I will go a step further and say that in the American shipping industry, including the loading and unloading of ships, the right has not been justly accorded . . . [the federal government] will use every power at its disposal to insure it." General Johnson was also reported as saying, "If the shipping industry does not accord these rights, on its head lies every ounce of responsibility for what may happen here." These are strong words. They duplicated the feelings of the longshoremen who refused to arbitrate the issue of union recognition (you cannot bargain with a union without recognizing it) and of the thousands of men and women who were striking to support that stand. But had there been, or did there follow, any action taken by the mighty General to use the power of law placed in his hands to coerce those who had offended and who bore "every ounce of responsibility"? None whatever.

the workers of the city, whose cause he had just given moral sanction, and who were using their own right to cease work in order to make up for the lack of governmental action, that what they were doing was "a threat to the community," "a menace to government," "civil war," "bloody insurrection," "a blow at the flag of our common country." The General said further, "If the federal government did not act, the people would act, and it would act to wipe out this subversive element as you clean off a chalk mark on a blackboard with a wet sponge." The "subversive element" to which he referred was not the recalcitrant employers who in his own words bore all the responsibility, but the active leaders of the strike. "It would be safer," roared the General, "for a cotton-tail rabbit to slap a wildcat in the face than for this half of one percent of our population to try to strangle the rest of us into submission by any such means as this." This was not strong language; it was violent language, calculated to incite violence. And it did so. Immediately thereafter, vigilantes, abetted by police, broke windows, wrecked halls and meeting places, invaded homes, beat up unresisting unfortunates and arrested persons wholesale who were committing no breach of law. This action, encouraged by the General, as a spokesman of the federal government, was the only bloody, violent and unlawful action of any consequence committed by anybody during the general strike. It was used in order to help the employers who had caused the trouble to defeat the strikers. It was condoned and aided subsequently by local courts and by federal immigration officers. And no word has come from the President disavowing the General's language or its obvious consequences.

The technique used so effectively by General Johnson in this instance has been characteristic of his behavior all the way through his administration. It is apparently reckless, but it conceals a careful calculation. Speak loudly for one side in order to convince people you are fair. But act promptly and decisively on the other side, when action counts. Nobody has been more vehement than the General in defense of the rights of labor, but it was he who took over the negotiations with the automobile employers when there was about to be a showdown on the rights of unions between them and the National Labor Board; out of his negotiations came the betrayal of labor on the company-union issue. No one has been more eloquent than he on the necessity for safeguarding consumers' interests and preventing monopolistic practices under the codes; no one more active in squelching and ignoring consumers' representatives, in letting trade associations and institutes get away with murder.

The President is directly responsible for what General Johnson says, for what he does or does not do. It has long been obvious that under the General's administration the economic life of the country has been handed over to organized business,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public interest. It is impossible for the President now to ignore the action of the General in leading organized illegal violence against labor, and to retain any confidence on the part of those who abhor the tactics of Hitler.

Terrorism in California

CALIFORNIA is at present engaging in an anti-Red campaign worthy of the worst days of Palmerism just after the Great War. The reactionary employers in that sun-kissed land evidently believe that labor is on the defensive and that now is the time for a crushing attack. Radical union members are being arrested en masse. If they are aliens, or, in fact, if they cannot prove that they are native Americans, every possible effort is made to have them deported, and in these efforts Department of Labor officials appear to be coöperating gleefully and to the fullest extent. If the workers can prove their citizenship, they are being convicted on other charges. The police claim that many union members have previous records for burglary, robbery or violation of the "gun or poison" laws. Anyone experienced in labor matters knows that most of these police charges are probably false, and particularly when leveled against genuine radicals. If a union organizer has a police record, the chances are at least ten to one that his previous arrests have been only in connection with labor disputes. Nevertheless, as the San Francisco correspondent of The New York Times remarks, "the judges almost automatically sentence any prisoner with a police record to a jail term."

Those who can prove they are Americans, and for whom it seems unwise to fake a record of previous arrest, are held on charges of "vagrancy" or "disturbing the peace." There is a special classification of "thousand-dollar vagrants"—persons who are required to put up $1,000 cash bail, and sometimes a $2,000 bond as well. Naturally, professional bondsmen, who are largely petty racketeers operating in connivance with the police, will not come to the rescue of individuals whom the authorities want to keep in jail; and in nearly every case, these "thousand-dollar vagrants" are kept behind the bars, in actual if not in technical violation of their constitutional rights. Police judges help on the good work by handing out ninety-day sentences wholesale, the happy plan being to break strikes and strike sentiment by putting away all possible leaders for that period of time.

Another weapon now being used is California's notorious criminal-syndicalism law. Contrary to popular impression, this law is still on the statute books and makes it a penitentiary offense to be a member of any organization advocating overthrow of the government by violence. The chief reasons it is not used more often are, first, that juries are reluctant to convict under it, second, that such trials are expensive, and third, that the police are forced to reveal the names of their spies, who must come forward to testify. However, a number of arrests have recently been made under this disgraceful law.

Another device widely used is mass action by the vigilantes, whose tactics are described by Robert Cantwell and Evelyn Seeley in this issue of The New Republic. These gentry descend upon radicals' meeting places, the offices of workers' newspapers, etc., and do as much damage as possible. They smash furniture and office machines, destroy records and beat up any radicals they can capture. While some of these vigilantes may be persons of a Ku Klux turn of mind, there is little doubt that most of them are thugs hired by the employers or police operating in plain clothes.

Meanwhile, all the other customary methods of mass action against the workers are used. The San Francisco authorities announce that they will cut off relief from the families of strikers, in direct violation of the policy of the federal government, which is that no family shall be allowed to starve, regardless of the participation of any member in an industrial dispute. The wave of anti-Red agitation has spread into the California agricultural regions where so much trouble has been seen in recent months. Well known strike leaders are being arrested wholesale, or "run out of the county" by mobs. The procedure in dealing with union leaders is like the machinery by which California oranges are graded, rolling down an inclined plane with holes in it through which fruit of various sizes drops into separate compartments: if the authorities are unable to get a "trouble maker" for one reason, or in one way, they get him in another. Under the circumstances, it is amazing that there has been so little retaliatory violence by the workers. Their restraint under the most outrageous persecution is a monument to their intelligence and discipline.

Will these tactics have their desired effect? Will all radicalism be crushed, all militant trade unionism be emasculated, and California left to stew in her own petty-bourgeois juice, with the open shop and starvation wages? While this is possible, in our judgment the chances are strongly against it. Recent European experience has shown that a radical working class can in fact be crushed and broken, but only by out-and-out Fascism which is prepared to go in for mass murder on a large scale and without the slightest compunction. We doubt whether the California Tories are sufficiently ruthless and cold-blooded to go through with such a program, and we question whether the rest of the country would permit such a thing even if it were tried. We must not forget that these proud Californians, disciples of rugged individualism, are largely living off federal charity. Money from Washington is building the giant bridges on which San Francisco business so desperately depends at present. Federal relief money is helping to ward off the starvation that the Industrial Association has been powerless to prevent. The very steamship lines that have refused collective bar-

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on their knees before the federal authorities in Washington professing that they cannot survive without fat federal subsidies. The Roosevelt administration is in a position to put on the screws in California, if it will.

And even beyond this, we doubt whether California labor can be coerced and smashed as the Industrial Association and its friends would like. After all, the number of alien radicals among the strikers is negligible, and even if they were all deported, the unions could still carry on. The capitalists cannot put every worker in jail, or their own processes would stop. What is being tried now has already been tried many times and in many other places; and with the exception already noted, of ruthless fascist dictatorship, it has never worked except temporarily and on a small scale. We do not believe it will work in California, even in the hands of such a merciless group of un-American Tories as now control that state.

Monopoly's War Chest

IN RECENT months the anomaly of having an autonomous and virtually autocratic business state operating side by side with a democratic political state has rapidly approached the point of grotesqueness. Not improbably, it will grow even more fantastic in the months to come. For one has only to contemplate the vast sum that industry is planning to tax itself for code administration to realize that the N.R.A.'s objective—self-government in industry—actually means the creation of supergovernment by business.

According to present estimates, based on budgets that have already been set up and approved, the expenditures of code authorities in the five hundred or more industries under codes will probably exceed $100,000,000. This sum, of course, would not be too much to pay for an intelligently directed industrial economy. But certainly it is an extraordinary amount of money to place in the hands of men who are hardly more than glorified trade-association executives. To be sure, the use to which this money may be put has been defined by the N.R.A. It is to be used solely for administrative purposes and for obtaining compliance with code provisions.

But what assurance is there that code authorities will not use this revenue for other purposes—for promoting monopolistic practices or for combatting labor organization? For the plain fact is that industry is practically free to do as it chooses. The administration has no really effective control. And even if it had, it would be unable to exercise it intelligently because it has no adequate statistical check on what various industries are actually doing. All the evidence of the past year—the efforts to boost and fix prices, to restrict production and to eliminate competition by "fair trade" practices—points to the conclusion that the code budgets will, by and large, [illegible] able to sell its product. Meanwhile, however, the experiment is anything but encouraging.

It is significant that there have been few objections to the proposed budgets, even though they will necessitate assessments that, in many instances, will exceed the federal-income-tax payments of the individual members of an industry. (The estimated expenditure of $100,000,000 represents roughly one-fourth of the total corporate tax returns for 1933). Apparently, business must feel it is going to get its money's worth to assume willingly this added cost. In the following table we list some of the more generous budgets:

Industry	Estimated Annual Budget
Retail Solid Fuel	$2,654,366
Trucking	1,275,000
Daily Newspapers	760,000
Retail Motor Vehicles	2,400,678
General Contractors	2,750,000
Plumbing Contracting	1,583,323
Painting and Paperhanging	620,000
Commercial Relief Printing	1,493,940

There are budgets for national and local code authorities, for manufacturers, for wholesalers and for retailers. And under some codes, like that of the Graphic Arts, where many industries have been thrown together, there is, in addition to budgets totaling several million dollars for the separate units, another budget for a national "coördinating committee."

There is considerable variation in the methods of raising the revenue to maintain these budgets. The most usual way, however, is by a percentage assessment on net sales ranging from a fraction of one percent to two percent. Obviously, these rates will be extremely burdensome in many cases. They are, in effect, sales taxes, levied without consideration of ability to pay. But doubtless the hope is that they can be passed on and that the consumer will foot the bill. Indeed, in some industries the practice now is to add code assessments to the regular billing as "Costs of N.R.A." Precisely for this reason, the budgets, provided there is a legitimate reason for such expenditures, should be raised by assessment on profits—so that the costs cannot be added to prices. The National Retail Dry Goods Association is already alarmed at the prospect of what these staggering budgets will mean in increased prices to consumers. It estimates that the budgets of manufacturing industries affecting retailing will total $50,000,000. With the pyramiding that inevitably takes place in the distribution process, the cost to consumers may be several times that amount.

Giving organized industry the power that these budgets unquestionably will is certainly one of the least favorable aspects of the N.R.A. For as the N.R.A. is now operating, the $100,000,000 can be viewed only as a contribution to the war chest of monopoly. Industry may be fooled about that in the long run—it may boost prices, but then be unable to sell its product. Meanwhile, however, the experiment is anything but encouraging.

LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Politics" in Southern Illinois

> Whereas, the assemblage of large numbers of persons around public relief headquarters, and in other places on the streets of Hillsboro [Illinois], and parades and processions on the streets of the city have threatened the public peace, all such assemblages and parades in the city are prohibited.
>
> Ed. E. Ludwig, Mayor.

TO TEST the validity of this proclamation fifteen citizens marched peaceably down the main street, and disbanded. They carried no placards, no speeches were made, and the march did not require quite ten minutes. Three were arrested and are still in jail. Their cases were consolidated and tried on May 31, and, in a courtroom from which the public was barred, they were all found guilty of violating either section 338 or 339 of the city ordinances. It has not yet been decided precisely which section.

To preserve order on the streets during the trial of the three, 1,000 men were deputized. One employee was recruited from each business house in the city, 400 American Legion members were deputized, and others were drawn from the C.C.C., the Anti-Horsethief Association, the Ku Klux Klan, and from the ranks of the unemployed. Some were armed with rifles, some only with pick-handles.

A similar proclamation was issued at Nokomis, seventeen miles away, and a similar test made, with comparatively catastrophic results. On May 28, three days before the trial at Hillsboro, ten trucks filled with miners descended on the town about dark, and marched to the city's public park. As one of the miners writes:

> A committee of eight was sent from the park to the city hall, where the city council was in session, to demand the repeal of the proclamation. They were gone over an hour, and another committee was sent. When the second committee did not return, it was decided that the workers could help the aldermen decide, and we marched to the city hall, singing "Solidarity." The police asked us to stop—that the council was voting, so we sang all the harder. After another hour of waiting, we learned that the council had voted to uphold the proclamation. One of them came downstairs. Someone yelled, "Don't let that rat down," and he scampered back upstairs. We let them know then that none of them was going home till they held another vote. The council sent down a man who turned on the fire siren, but we jammed against the doors of the fire house and refused to let the engine out, knowing it was a false alarm and a ruse. Then the mayor phoned to Hillsboro for the sheriff and a bunch of deputies. When he threatened to call out the militia, the miners replied, "Call out the navy for all we care." The mayor and the aldermen had a change of heart then. They offered to allow meetings if the miners would ask the mayor's permission. We answered, "We don't meet unless we have to, and when we do, we don't want to give anyone a chance to say no." After fifteen minutes of deliberation they be thrown off relief for refusal to work on the forced-labor relief plan, and we could meet whenever we chose.

On Saturday, June 2, a group of the vigilantes in Nokomis began a big "clean-up." Before night ten men were arrested, and placed under $8,000 bail each. They were taken to the city hall and there one, considered a leader and accused of having once referred to Legionnaires as "rats," was beaten in full view of the justice of the peace and the officers. Amid cries of "Tar and feather 'em," the ten had to waive an immediate jury trial and plead "not guilty," although just what it is they are not guilty of is as uncertain in Nokomis as it is in Hillsboro. The State's Attorney says "Conspiracy to overthrow the government." Others say, "He called us rats."

Over in nearby Belleville on June 11, A. J. Muste, James Cross and C. H. Mayer, organizers of the American Workers' party, made speeches to the pickets of the struck plant of the Knapp-Monarch electrical-supply company. They were promptly arrested on charges of criminal syndicalism and bound over to the September grand jury, apparently in the hope of discouraging such activities in the meantime. Through most of Southern Illinois local newspapers have come out strongly in favor of indiscriminate arrests and savage sentences; and organized mobs prevent the miners from meeting.

Behind these events, there is a very clear political set-up. Many of the small mining communities are governed by Socialist or Communist office-holders, while the trade centers, like Hillsboro and Litchfield, are still in the control of either Democrats or Republicans. The growth of political control by radicals in the mining centers has thoroughly frightened the local merchants and their politicians, and perhaps more powerful interests further away. The jailings and proclamations are simply part of a fight to keep control, and even as it is, radical political power is far from being broken. These workers have lost all respect for laws that can be twisted into a thousand loopholes, to fit a thousand political ends, while they themselves cannot achieve even the simplest justice in the courts.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1934, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN SIX DOLLARS. TWENTY-FIVE

LICENSED COPY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War on the West Coast

I. The Gentlemen of San Francisco

THERE is a reign of terror in San Francisco. There have been others since the longshoremen and seamen's strike began, but they were nothing compared with the one that is going on now. For the past two and a half months a reign of terror in San Francisco has meant just one thing: it has meant that the employers, the city officials, the government arbitrators or the reactionary group within the American Federation of Labor—or all together—were going to offer or announce a "settlement" of the strike. If the terror was relatively light, if only a few workers were arrested and beaten—the terms are synonymous—it meant that the settlement was to be only one of the often rejected compromises, such as that the strikers go back to work and settle the strike afterwards. But when there were wholesale arrests, the smashing of workers' meeting places, the shooting of bystanders and "Communists," it meant that some wonderful new scheme, such as that the longshoremen put their destinies into the hands of Archbishop Hanna, O. K. Cushing and Edward McGrady, was to be made public. So it was that whenever faint murmurs of an approaching settlement reached the people, they knew that a reign of terror would soon begin to pave the way for it. So it was that whenever the members of the National Longshoremen's Board seemed optimistic, all enlightened citizens stayed indoors. And when, on a single day, both Johnson and Roosevelt announced that they believed the strike would soon be over, all those who could fled in terror to the mountains. Such optimism in such high places could only mean that another "settlement" was soon to be announced by gunfire.

For one of the most curious features of this entire strike has been the perfect timing between the police attacks on the pickets on the one hand and the various offers of arbitration on the other. If we can judge by the history of this strike—and why not? it is the first one in which the power of the new Labor Disputes Board has been invoked—arbitration does not mean that the parties involved are to present their cases before a board of review in an effort to effect a settlement. It means that an elaborate stage show is to precede the feature of the evening: the police are to attack the picket lines while the newspapers energetically pummel that famous old punching bag of the editorial offices, the Red Scare; and after enough heads have been broken, enough lies printed and enough bunk spread, the arbitrators are to rush in with their solution. If that routine had occurred only once in this strike we might call it a coincidence. If it had occurred after it has happened every time the authorities have cooked up a settlement, only a wistful determination not to believe the worst can justify an unwillingness to put two and two together.

The Great Balloon Hoax of June 16, when the newspapers of San Francisco screamed that the strike was settled because a man named Ryan, and other officials, certain representatives of the employers and two teamsters had signed an agreement, was foreshadowed by savage attacks on the pickets and by a campaign of slander against the real strike leaders. The gory attempt of the Industrial Association to open the port by force, on July 3 and 5—an attempt which to date has cost four lives, for two more of the wounded have died—came after a series of raids on Communists and after an attempt was made to muzzle or intimidate those liberal spectators who might have said the show was rotten. These two major attempts to settle the longshoremen's strike merely showed more clearly what was also apparent in the lesser attempts that had preceded them. But they were mild in comparison with the reign of terror that heralded the settlement of the general strike.

Too Many Settlements.—Another feature of the strike is that it has been settled so many times. It was settled by the Archbishop, by the Assistant Secretary of Labor, by the Mayor and the Governor—by everybody except the employers and the strikers. As each deadlock was announced, new government representatives rushed in, like the marines coming in the nick of time to save the heroine before the villain raped her. But at each critical moment these marines hesitated; they turned into Hamlets; they wondered if the villain didn't have a perfectly legal right to rape and if the heroine wasn't an illegitimate child anyway. As these anti-climaxes mounted up and the distress of the audience increased, people began to wonder what mysterious power paralyzed the mediators and arbitrators at the climaxes of their performances. Presently, we shall see, these ineffectual rescues merely made more sensational the last-minute arrival of General Hugh Johnson who, after a whirlwind trip preceded by a deal of publicity, succeeded where all others had failed, and got the credit for doing so.

The sequence of events following the calling of the general strike is interesting and important. On the morning of July 16, the life of the city had stopped. No street cars were operating, no buses, no taxis, no delivery wagons except milk and bread

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the general strike committee. No filling stations were open, no theatres, no shops. Business men walked to their offices, and after they got there they could not get any lunch. In San Francisco 40,000 union men were on strike, with 30,000 more in Oakland and Alameda. Whatever goods were moved through the city were moved with the permission of the general strike committee. The city was quiet. In spite of lurid newspaper reports of rioting and disorder there was less disturbance than is usual even in times of industrial peace. Out in the Mission district a few windows were broken by hoodlums and a thousand more National Guardsmen were promptly brought into the city. The National Guard air force was mobilized. Five hundred additional police were called (two hundred responded) and twenty-five more radio cars were ordered. On Sunday, July 15, following a day of complete quiet, it was announced that federal troops were prepared to march into San Francisco at a moment's notice. Presumably the state and federal officials could stand anything but peace.

It is here that General Johnson enters the picture. In Portland, following the Battle of Rincon Hill, a majority of the unions had voted for a general strike, but this had been delayed by the officials of the Central Labor Council, who promised to give "twenty-four hours' notice" before the strike was actually called. In a telegram which was made public, Governor Meier had asked that the National Longshoremen's Board be forced to act or be replaced by a more effective group. While the general strike in San Francisco was getting under way, and when it was apparent that it could not be stopped, Portland became the center of interest, for it was clear that if the strike became general there, the position of the unions in both cities would be greatly strengthened. At this moment Johnson appeared in Portland and remained a day before starting for San Francisco. The threat of a general strike in Portland promptly evaporated, at least in the newspapers.

Now in San Francisco, on July 17, the second day of the complete tie-up, preparations for the forthcoming settlement were proceeding rapidly. First the headquarters of the Marine Workers' Industrial Union were raided and eighty-five striking seamen arrested. The National Guardsmen and police collaborated in making the arrest, the guardsmen training machine guns on the hall while the police entered, smashed the furniture, confiscated the literature and beat the men who were in the hall. These beatings took place under the guns of the National Guard. The men who were thus stood up under the guns of the National Guard and beaten by San Francisco's finest were described in the San Francisco Chronicle as "alley spawn of every type." The police then moved to the relief kitchen maintained by the strikers and arrested all recognized radicals in line. Under the guns of the National Guard, any attempt at resistance was suicide.

Let's Settle This.—The stage was now set for Johnson's arrival. In a speech at Berkeley, where he was receiving a Phi Beta Kappa key, he urged that the "responsible" elements of organized labor purge themselves of the subversive elements in their own ranks. Like rats, he said. He said that he was for collective bargaining and that the right of labor to strike *against a recalcitrant employer* was inviolate, but that a general strike was at once another matter, a threat to the community, a menace to the government, civil war and bloody insurrection. And he made his proposal that the "responsible" elements of organized labor purge the ranks particularly urgent—"Let's settle this thing and do it now," he said.

As if by magic, almost at that very moment, a group of men dressed like responsible workers appeared at the Communist headquarters in San Francisco—it had been abandoned, as a raid was expected—and began to wreck the place. They then "fled" to the Workers' School and other working-class centers, which they also demolished. Behind them came police, supposedly pursuing but actually completing the work of destruction, arresting the occupants and some bystanders and clubbing individuals in the presence of the crowd. Persons in the crowd were dragged into the wrecked halls, beaten by the police and turned loose to emerge in bloody splendor. The furniture was smashed, doors and desks torn down and books and pamphlets destroyed or carted away. But despite careful preparations on the part of the newly formed Anti-Radical Squad, the raids were badly stage-managed if they were designed to create the impression that the workers themselves were attacking the Communists. The workers looked very much like police dressed like workers, and it is harder for a cop to pass himself off as a worker than it is for a camel to get through the needle's eye. After an attempt to spread the story that the teamsters had attacked the Communists, the newspapers generally abandoned the pretense and gave the police the discredit that was rightfully theirs. As another bit of mismanagement: the first man into the wrecked headquarters was not the "responsible" element of organized labor, but a Mr. Gallagher, vice-president of the Matson Navigation Company, who greeted reporters when they arrived. But perhaps that is what Johnson meant by "responsible."

In this period, too, the Communist headquarters at San Jose, fifty miles away, was broken up. Liberals who had protested the brutality of the police were now threatened. During the night there were more arrests, and though the exact number was not given out, there was a report that two hundred had been imprisoned. The National Guard moved uptown from the docks, surrounding the I.L.A. headquarters. Union teamsters, carrying food under permits issued by the general strike committee, protested that the guardsmen were tearing the permits off the trucks, in the hope of inciting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

photograph of a guardsman was shot in the hip. Earlier a dock guard had been stabbed in the groin with a bayonet.

This was a little of the reign of terror. Everyone familiar with the strike knew that it heralded the approach of a new settlement.

Collapse of the General Strike.—When the attack on the Communists had subsided, the newspapers blazed out with headlines that the general strike committee had agreed to arbitration and that the strike was over. In view of the tactics of Johnson, this development is of interest.

The longshoremen's and seamen's strike was a joint strike of a Communist-led union and an independent group within the A.F. of L. From the beginning of the strike the leaders had been attacked by the A.F. of L. leaders who had control of the San Francisco Central Labor Council; on June 23, the Central Labor Council had denounced the leaders as radicals and communists. When it became clear after the funeral for the victims of the fighting on July 5, that a vast majority of the workers were in sympathy with the longshoremen, the Central Labor Council reversed itself. As long as the strike had been one of seamen and longshoremen the militant group led by Harry Bridges had been in control. When the strike became general, control automatically passed into the hands of the reactionary leaders of the Central Labor Council, and the militant group became a minority opposition, though one with great prestige. Some of the reactionary leaders had been engaged in desperate struggles in their own unions with the very men who were now sitting with them on the general strike committee.

On the day of the offensive against radicals, the general strike committee debated a resolution favoring arbitration of all issues involved in the strike. When this became known, the reasons for the drastic mopping up of Communists became clear. The character of the proposed settlement was such as to make it essential that all articulate critics be silenced before it was announced. The drive on Communists and left-wing organizations, resulting in forcing the leaders into hiding and destroying the publicity machinery, prevented any clear analysis of the proposal being made to the strikers. In spite of its ambiguous language, the resolution committed the longshoremen to arbitrate the question of control of the hiring halls—the question they had refused to arbitrate since the strike began, for they believe control of the halls to be their only protection against the blacklist. Though the union itself could reject the resolution, it would again be split off from the united workers of the city. The resolution had been debated all day—delayed would perhaps be more accurate—and a short time after the raids on the Communists it was declared passed, on a standing vote of 207 to 180. Harry Bridges, the leader of the longshoremen, immediately protested and adjourned. Just one month after the Ryan agreement, and one month after they had announced that the strike was over, the newspapers announced that the strike was over.

The next day the restaurants were opened. A few trucks began to appear on the streets. A barber shop was opened with great publicity and a corps of police with machine guns. The almost unbearable tension that had gripped the city as the threat of martial law became more real began to relax. Green declared the strike unauthorized. Roosevelt announced that in the San Francisco strike Johnson was speaking for him. Johnson announced that he was now spokesman for the National Longshoremen's Board. But out of all these facts a general development is apparent. First of all, Johnson has recaptured some of his dwindling prestige by his decisive action in a situation where so many of his subordinates had acted with a strange indecision. But more importantly, the administration has revealed again, and more strongly and dramatically than ever, that in a conflict between organized labor and a group of open-shop capitalists, its support goes to the latter, the most reactionary group within the American social structure. The Industrial Association, which is the representative of the employers, has made three assaults on organized labor in San Francisco. In the building-trades strike of 1919 it succeeded in breaking union control of jobs. In the carpenters' strike of 1926 the open shop was established after the strike. One of its leading figures is Wallace Alexander, of the American-Hawaiian Line, the most bitter anti-labor capitalist on the Coast, an advocate of the repeal of the Japanese exclusion act, founder of the Institute of Oriental Relations.

With the annihilation of civil rights in San Francisco, with Johnson's provocative attacks and with the blood of a great many working people, Section 7a has been clarified for all time.

San Francisco. ROBERT CANTWELL.

II. Journalistic Strikebreakers

THE press and the press associations of the country are entitled to little credit for their handling of the San Francisco strike news. No doubt there are some honorable exceptions that ought to be noted, but speaking in general, the story was deliberately distorted a large proportion of the time, and almost never was the casual newspaper reader able to get any clear picture of the actual issues involved. Even now, few people know what brought on the strike or what the strikers were striving to gain. As was no doubt to be expected, deliberate journalistic "malpractice" reached its height in San Franciso, where the provocative tactics of The Chronicle and William Randolph Hearst's Examiner earned the former a brick through its plate-glass front window and neces-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rumors are in circulation, and widely believed, that advertisers met at the very outset and informed the newspapers they would withdraw their advertisements from any paper that came out for the strike. Such action, whether taken or not, was probably needless, for the San Francisco press is on the whole conservative and it would have been a miracle if any paper had stood with the strikers. Even the San Francisco News, a Scripps-Howard paper long "friendly to labor," dropped somewhat from its standards of impartial journalism, though it remained the best of the city's journals.

In their editorial columns, of course, the newspapers of the city were within their rights in expressing whatever opinions they chose; but they did not stop there. Almost without exception, their news articles and the captions on their pictures were used for anti-strike propaganda, brazen distortion and incitement to violence.

On July 17 the first violence of the general strike broke out, in spectacular raids against local Communists. It followed upon provocative tactics on the part of Hearst, who has been trailing his national anti-Red campaign across his front pages for months, flanked lately by The Chronicle, which has locally become jittery. Communism and the general strike had carefully been made to seem synonymous. The Communists, who had only coöperated in the united walkout of eighty-five unions' rank and file, would have felt flattered to get all the credit.

I happened to be at a restaurant almost next door to one of the raids and I went from that one to the others. I have been a reporter for a long time and I know what happens when I see it happen.

The San Francisco Chronicle reported:

> The Western Worker, Communist newspaper, 37 Grove Street. . . . Here twenty-five vigilantes pulled up in five automobiles, threw rocks through the windows and stormed inside, completely demolishing everything in sight. Police arrived to find the raiders gone and the opposite plaza crowded with grinning spectators. Officer Marvin Pratt suffered laceration of the hands in the mêlée that followed.

I got there, from the restaurant, just after the "vigilantes." I was told by various people in the crowd the same story, that one car full of men had driven up and thrown bricks through the downstairs plate glass and had driven off. I crossed the street and went through the building. Nothing else was smashed and nobody was there. Just after I came out, four carloads of police tore up, sirens shrieking. They did not look for the raiders. They went in and laid about them with clubs with great commotion, smashing typewriters, furniture, windows. They hustled a little man named Lord in from the street; we heard them say "Get the hell in there!" He came out with his head bleeding all over the place, wiping the blood from his eyes and saying over and over, "I didn't do nothin'."

We asked the cops who smashed the things and they said, "It must have been the hoodlums." The spectators were [illegible]

The Chronicle:

> . . . 1223 Fillmore Street . . . the civilian raiders followed their customary plan of window-breaking and dragged out three men, whom they soundly trounced. Police arrived just in time to take the injured to Central Emergency Hospital.

Two of the men were near death when the ambulance arrived.

The Examiner, writing of the same riots:

> Brandishing baseball bats, hatchets, axes and rocks, they leaped from the machines and swarmed into the place. . . . Furious fighting followed. . . . Raiders and the Communists slugged, kicked, bit, clawed and hammered each other. In a few minutes the raiders were in command, the Reds in flight, while on the street outside a mob gathered, yelling approval of the attack.

The crowd did not yell anything; they were too scared.

It was a definite pattern, but The Examiner and The Chronicle whitewashed the police and put the blame on union labor. The Examiner said, "Police started the raids during the morning but were superseded by an infuriated band of men, reported to be union strikers." And The Chronicle said, "Conservative union labor moved swiftly yesterday to purge its ranks of Communists." But nobody had tried to learn who was in the raiding cars and the police told the reporters "probably hoodlums." The News alone refused to stoop to this. It declined to describe the raids as the work of union men, calling them simply "police raids."

Wisecracks blossomed out in The Chronicle on a day when the city, threatened by martial law, had no heart for them. A front-page picture of the smashed Mission Workers' Neighborhood House was captioned "Reds Turn Black and Blue," and the legend beneath read, "After the housecleaning! This was a communists' meeting-place, a neighborhood house where radicals dropped in for a cozy chat about the impending revolution. It came sooner than they expected when angry unionists swept down on the place and left it like this."

"When Conservative Workers Saw Red—Smashing Enemy's Left Wing," read the banner across page two with pictures of "Here's a smashing raid on radical headquarters on Valencia Street, when aroused conservative unionists broke up light housekeeping, destroyed inflammatory literature and helped in the swing to the right with a few right swings." And next to it, "Paralysis of the Joints—This is what is left of the place. There's a checkerboard on the floor and it's the Communists' next move, but they won't be able to make it. There was a piano in the room, and they laughed when a husky teamster sat down to it—with an axe. The rendition was presented with a tympanic accompaniment of fists on the persons of radicals who, today, are even more inflamed."

With the coming of the general strike T[illegible]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heavily for terrorism. Readers shivered at The Chronicle's front-page box entitled "What a General Strike Means," listing "no food, no milk, no money," and at the story headed "Fresh Food Supply Runs Short—City Supply of Fresh Vegetables Will Be Exhausted by Nightfall—Food Shortage Grows."

One sob-story began, "The vital flow of life's necessities dwindled to the merest trickle yesterday." That very day, Monday, many stores still had great stocks of staples, fresh meat was cut off but milk and bread were delivered everywhere as usual, hospitals and institutions were completely provided for, and housewives with their great hoarded stores of supplies hadn't yet opened the first can of beans. It is true there was no pie in town and that you couldn't purchase caviar conveniently.

The first edition of The Examiner told how Harry Bridges, leader of the militant rank and file, had named nineteen restaurants where the public could eat, had given permission for the delivery of milk and bread, and had said, "If the public is not fed we will lose our strike." When this was discovered by the authorities, Bridges' name was cut out, the story converted into part of what the Mayor's committee had done to make the city safe against strikers and men were sent out to gather in the copies containing the original story.

The News, on the other hand, reassured its readers in a July 14 editorial saying, "We don't know just what we are in for, but we can take it." And the next day it gave the workingman a friendly pat on the shoulder in an editorial pleading, "The lesson of today is the importance and dignity of those workers who have served us in obscurity and for less than their share of our common wealth."

Heywood Broun's syndicated column in The News had been shining brightly for the strikers and their demands. But Tuesday, July 17, evidently its phrases—"and so I still think that the lawless employers should be restrained and if they don't like it here I see no possible objection to sending them back where they came from"—shone too brightly. For the second edition appeared without Broun. In his place was a friendly little piece about children in the home by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, "It's Up to the Women."

EVELYN SEELEY.

San Francisco.

Hull House in the Hills

I. What It Looks Like

THE HOUSES are pretty. That's the first thing that strikes you. They are little and white and built low to the ground, and they are spread out, with five acres of green field around each house. A woman from the city might call them "cunning."

Miners are going to live in them, families from around Reedsville and Morgantown and Scott's Run and the coal fields of northern West Virginia. The New Deal has come to the hills. This is Mrs. Roosevelt's pet project. Miners who didn't have homes are going to have homes in the Reedsville Experimental Community. They'll pay for them, too. This is what the government calls "self-liquidating." The government gives a miner a home, and over a period of twenty years he pays the government for it.

You should have seen the houses when they first arrived. They were made in a mill up in New England and shipped to West Virginia in sections. They chose those houses because they had to have speed. It took too long for local carpenters to build them. But the factory houses were all alike. Just square-cornered boxes, unpainted boards, sitting out on the ground. They looked like miners' cabins. Mrs. Roosevelt could see that wouldn't do. [illegible] a big architect from New York who knew all right. He took those factory houses, cut the sections apart, rearranged the parts, built additions, dug cellars under them, built porches on them, indicated the landscaping, changed the houses all around so they were all different one from another, and painted them white.

They're pretty, too. Young married and engaged couples are among the visitors who come in automobiles on Sundays to see the model homes. The couples say, "How darling they'd be for honeymoon cottages," and "Swell for cocktail parties."

Miners are going to live in them—husbands and wives and four or five children. The architects insist they are strong. They point out that the thin walls are lined with celotex. They say celotex has a "high coefficient of insulation." That means it keeps the cold out and the heat in, in winter; and just the opposite in summer.

There is a bedroom with a big double bed and a cradle. This is for mother and father and infant. There is another little bedroom with a single bed and then a "double-deck" bed. This is for three growing children. There are a combination living and dining room, a bathroom and a kitchen. This makes a model home for a family of six, including a pantry, furnace room and workshop for father in the cellar. Each house has a hot-air furnace. Each has its own well, an electric pump for running water and a septic tank. It all looks neat and shiny and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keep it that way. Sometimes plumbing gets out of order. In the bathroom of the model home is a sign that says, "Visitors: Please do not use this toilet."

II. Who Will Live There

Miners who are going to live in these houses are called "homesteaders." Townspeople of Reedsville object to bringing "that Scott's Run element" into the community. Morgantown, where the state university is, says, "Those people never worked and never will. They expect the government to support them." Citizens of Reedsville and Morgantown read The Saturday Evening Post and they know that all this country needs is a little old-fashioned common sense and willingness to work and we'll soon bring back business prosperity. Labor is paid too much anyway—and the idea of starting strikes just when business is beginning to improve a little!

Out on Scott's Run they don't read The Saturday Evening Post. They find it difficult to work when the mines are closed. They don't know about old-fashioned common sense. They wonder how you get milk for children when all your company scrip has to go for rent or else you get put out of your home. These miners are mountain folk. You must not confuse them with the "poor whites" of the South. These hill people are taciturn, sinewy individuals. They were drawn from the hills to work in mines and the mines collapsed under them. They remain hill folk, looking for a way out. Union Square in New York never understands these people. It shouts dogmas and talks about "technological unemployment." Miners who left farms to work in an overexpanded industry that went bankrupt ask what the big words mean. They say, "What is a proletariat?" They never saw one. They are in a hole and are trying to work themselves out of it. Union Square will never get anywhere in the hills until Stalin makes his peace with Jefferson.

Humanitarians interested in the Reedsville project are gushy with delight because there are no "radical agitators" among the homesteaders. Townsfolk who take the trouble to talk to some homesteaders are surprised to find that they can read and write, speak well and have marked native intelligence.

The government selects them in camy fashion. Reedsville is the first in what is planned as a whole series of "subsistence homestead" projects. This is the government's show window, the pet idea of both Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, and they don't want to run any chance of its failing. Only the best of the stranded miners are taken. Trained social workers weed them out. Homesteaders must be native-born Americans. They must have a genuine desire to live on farms, and, if possible, some previous farm experience. Their personal reputations and employment record (when they could get jobs) and financial responsibility (when they had finances) must be excellent. They must be "good risks" to start with. Probably there are a lot of "poor risks" out on Scott's Run. Probably their bellies are just as hungry as those of the good risks.

Most of the homesteaders are being supported on construction jobs on the project itself until the homesteads are ready for occupancy. A Tennessee mountaineer, father of ten children, is washing windows in the headquarters building, which used to be headquarters for the Bethlehem Mines Corporation. Another is working the telephone switchboard. He is the father of a girl, thirteen, and a boy, eleven. He got married in 1920, after he got back from the War and the coal fields were booming. He was in the infantry, Eightieth Division, and served through the whole Argonne campaign. He doesn't say much, but he saw plenty. He got nicked with gas several times, and work in the mines used to start him coughing, and sometimes blood would come up. He stuck at it, though, as long as there was work. He wanted to feed his children, and keep them in school. Things looked pretty bad for him when the mines closed down.

III. How It Works

Each man is supposed to raise most of his own food. Families will have fresh vegetables in summer and the wife is supposed to "put up" fruits and vegetables for winter. That's what they mean by "subsistence homestead." You raise on your own land the food for your own family. Agricultural men say it can be done. But somewhere you've got to have money. Even the mason jars for putting up the tomatoes you raise cost money. And shoes and clothes and tobacco cost money, and you have to have money to pay the doctor when one of the children gets sick or another child is on the way.

Mrs. Roosevelt thought of that. Her idea was to have a furniture factory to make desks and tables for the third-class post offices. The homesteaders would work part time in the factory. That would give them enough money to get by with, so long as they were raising their own food. But it seems there is a place called Grand Rapids, Michigan. They have big furniture companies up there. They set up a howl and people made speeches in Congress about "government competing with private industry." It is all right for the government to take care of workers turned loose by private industry, but the government must not put them to work.

Anyway, Congress knocked that furniture-factory idea in the head. They wouldn't vote the money. Now the people directing the project are scrambling around to think of something else to supply cash income. One idea is to make and sell mountain products. There's good pottery clay on the tract. Or the homesteaders could weave rag rugs, make candlewick spreads or fashion homemade furniture, such as the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative Association at Morgantown produces. This group was trained by Miss Alice Davis, of the Society of Friends, and their stuff is very pretty. Mrs. Roosevelt selected it to furnish the model

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.

homesteads. Another idea is to establish a forge for hand-forged ornamental iron work. The agriculturalists want to provide cash income by developing some of what they call "largely non-competitive" specialties, such as seed potatoes, a fancy type of cauliflower or a good northern-grown celery.

Something will have to be decided upon pretty quickly. Most of the homesteads, including land, cost around $4,800. The government says that to meet payments and carrying charges on this, as well as current expenses, a homesteader should have a cash income of $1,000 per year. Homesteaders at present get their cash from working on construction of the tract itself, but that, of course, won't last much longer. Fifty model homes are finished now, all families for them are selected and are to be installed before midsummer.

There are other similar projects—Division of Subsistence Homesteads, United States Department of the Interior is the official title. Groups are planned in northern Georgia and northern Wisconsin, the Far West and Pennsylvania and Tennessee. Congress appropriated $25,000,000 "to aid in the redistribution of the overbalance of population in industrial centers." That means people out of work when industry collapses. Reedsville is the first actually to get under way. Already plans are being made to add seventy-five homesteads to the existing fifty this summer, and to increase these to an eventual 200 by next summer.

The place is beautiful on Sundays. Little white homes, chattering visitors, mountain scenery of the Allegheny plateau. Visitors admire the hand-made furniture that Mrs. Roosevelt selected, and listen with awe to the plans for the school, the church and the community center. They think it is wonderful the way all the homesteaders are going to have an opportunity to learn handicrafts. They'll learn to make furniture and weave mats and rugs just like those in the model homes. It all sounds so cozy and "early American." The homes are like little corners of Arcady.

IV. Reflection

When the visitors have all departed, and peace reigns at Reedsville, you hear the rustle of ancient ghosts. You hear Careers for Women in capital letters, and Social Work and Equal Suffrage. The labels "Liberal" and "Progressive" dance before your eyes. You think of Jane Addams and a dedicated life. You think of old Irish women discovered at Hull House in Chicago and restored to their ancestral art of lace making. You stand with Lillian Wald looking through windows on Henry Street.

This is Reedsville. This is workers-back-to-nature. Here sound the echoes of old cries, "correct injustice but preserve the system," the bleat of "reform from within." Here the "Roosevelt Revolution" shoots its farthest bolt, and changes nothing. Here broods the spirit of Henry Ford and Woodrow Wilson. Karl Marx is not wanted.

T. R. Carskadon.

Reedsville, West Virginia.

The Teachers Move for Freedom

THE American public-school teacher in both elementary and high schools is notoriously in safe hands, hands thoroughly practised in the political game. He is supposed to be mentally and morally impervious to professional association with the generality of working employees, public and private, preferring to trust in God and the lobby rather than accept a code and the obligation, or opportunity, of collective bargaining. He is known, in short, to be an alien to all syndicalist hypotheses, and indignantly opposed to any wildcat notions of the "class struggle," to be absorbed rather in the psychology of social status and the technique of pressure-politics, an unregenerate individualist, even against his own long-time interests and intellectual dignity.

It is no small matter for astonishment, therefore, that something like a genuine democratic insurrection, in the best sense, troubled the great convention of the National Education Association just concluded in Washington, D. C., and triumphed at every barricade thrown up against it. There has certainly not since 1920, when the unwieldy structure of the N.E.A. was reorganized, rescued from complete domination by its large board of directors and made more truly representative of its active membership.

Attended by somewhat more than 4,000 registered members and delegates, and conducted in an atmosphere lifeless with heat and humidity, in the marble palaces of the national Capital, the 1934 annual convention, which adjourned after six fevered days and nights of oratory, perspiration and politics, was smaller in attendance, perhaps, but unquestionably the largest in point of intellectual interest and moral conflict, of all the similar meetings in twenty years.

It may have been attributable, as members of the N.E.A.'s permanent staff declare, to the oppressive weather; but the accumulating anxieties of the depression, the closing of 2,000 rural schools in 24 states last year, with an estimated reduction of perhaps 200,000 in the teaching personnel of the nation, together with the sufferings of poorly paid, or unpaid teachers, may have had more to do with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it. One-fourth of the teachers of the United States began the year 1934 at a salary rate of less than $750 a year; unpaid salaries of $30,000,000 are due teachers in city school systems; school budgets for 1933-34 are estimated to be $200,000,000 below the amount available a year ago—a reduction of more than ten percent, with 200,000 more pupils to be instructed, and fifty and sixty children crowded into classrooms designed for thirty or forty.

The democratic insurrection culminated, on the last day of the convention, in a prolonged business meeting during which the retiring president, Miss Jessie Gray, wilted at her post and passed over her gavel and her chair to a former president, Miss Cornelia Adair, a skillful parliamentarian from Virginia. It culminated in the adoption of an amendment to the by-laws, urged for many years by the progressive minority in the N.E.A., notably by Miss Frances Hardin of Chicago, by which the life-tenure, ex-officio members of the Assembly and the board of directors will no longer be entitled to a voice and a vote in these bodies by virtue of their positions, or former positions, as state superintendents of public instruction or past presidents of the N.E.A.

In order to carry out this bloodless expurgation of ex-officialdom from the councils of the N.E.A., particularly from the regnant board of directors, it was necessary to alter the charter approved by Congress in 1906; and a special committee was elected to negotiate with Congress for the desired amendment, which will eliminate from the board a body of about 145 ex-officios and render it unquestionably more responsive to the trends of opinion and desire in the Delegate Assembly. The latter body, constituting the policy-determining organ of the Association, will simultaneously be freed from the weight of educational officialdom that has long encumbered it, and the humble classroom teachers will now be free to claim that measure of influence to which their services justly entitle them. As the radicals put it, the N.E.A. will now, at last, approximate what it ought to be—a democratically representative body of educational workers and employees, freed from the intimidation or silent manipulation of executives and employers. If this is so, it may well be an important event in the history of American education as a major industry and profession, in view of the new era of earned and unearned leisure and the responsibilities of educational institutions, inevitably to be expanded in the automatic machine age that is spreading its progress and its poverty about us.

The democratic revolt was further evidenced by the election to the presidency of the N.E.A., for 1934-35, of Dean Henry Lester Smith, of the Teachers' College at the University of Indiana, who was chosen by a hasty coalition of liberal and conservative forces. His campaign for the presidency —conducted largely by means of pointed paragraphs printed on the backs of cardboard fans, distributed gratis among the superheated [illegible] contained more categorical affirmations of loyalty to the principles of a liberal program than that of any rival. Dean Smith placed first among his slogans, "Security of positions for teachers"; he then endorsed the minimum-wage law, the uniform school term, adequate retirement allowances, "federal aid for education, but not control," recognition of the classroom teachers, the Chicago amendment, and democracy in the N.E.A. If his administration adheres to this program, there will shortly appear a new force on the educational frontier—the force of the organized and embattled classroom teachers of the public schools, emboldened by the disasters of the times and determined to win a larger security of position and a fairer compensation than they have known, though they be compelled openly to enter state and national politics to get them.

The new spirit appeared most significantly and originally, however, not so much in the brilliant addresses of Presidents Robert Hutchins and Glenn Frank—the highlights of the convention—as in the attention paid to the subject of academic freedom—by which something more is meant than teacher-tenure legislation. For the first time in N.E.A. history, a convention program was devoted to the topic of academic freedom. Mrs. Blanche Preble, past-president of the Department of Classroom Teachers of the N.E.A., a teacher in a Chicago elementary school, is largely credited with initiating this program. Dr. Thomas W. Gosling, formerly superintendent of schools of Akron, Ohio, now head of the Junior Red Cross organization in Washington, delivered the principal address:

> The whole theory of academic freedom [he said] is predicated not solely or primarily upon a just conception of individual rights, but chiefly upon a broad view of social welfare. . . . Academic freedom, which is one phase of that spiritual freedom to which we all aspire, is essential not only for the happiness of the individual, but also for the strength and the well-being of the state. Any attempt at denial can end only in tragedy.

Recognizing that something more than oratory and pious declaration is requisite where freedom and security are threatened, as they are threatened in America today, a committee appointed by Mrs. Preble in 1932 and headed by Mr. Karl Guenther of Detroit has worked to arouse teachers and parents to an awareness of the vital meaning and practical import of academic freedom, and to discover ways and means of defending it in high schools, where ambush, sniping and foul play from reactionaries and patrioteers have demoralized what the depression has not destroyed.

These labors triumphed at the convention, not merely by the passage of an excellent set of resolutions, but by the Delegate Assembly's authorization, despite the wishes of the executives, of a sum of "not less than $10,000" for the uses of a large Committee on Academic Freedom and Teacher Tenure of the N.E.A. itself. This committee, to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

superintendent of schools of Columbus, Indiana, if properly supported, ought to be able in the year ahead to do for the high schools what the American Association of University Professors has striven to do for the faculties of American colleges and universities—by careful investigation and published findings to rally the social conscience of the community in defense of teachers striving to teach the truth.

Washington, D. C. BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

If We Had a Goebbels

PAUL JOSEPH GOEBBELS holds the portfolio of Minister of Propaganda in the Nazi government. That makes him the most important, if not the only, editor in Germany. His complete style book we have not seen. But we obtained a very good idea of it from from a recent ukase disposing of the foreign correspondents and letting the world know how news is handled in the only nation to weed out "lying journalistic scoundrels" and maintain a disciplined press dedicated to the publication of nothing but the truth. There was good reason for the Goebbels outburst. It all started with Chancellor Adolf Hitler's having a bit of good, clean fun by stepping out of a dull Saturday and slaughtering a few score political friends and foes of assorted sexes in the jolly old Balkan and Mexican manner. Lying correspondents of English, French, American, Austrian and Russian newspapers and magazines reported this slaughter as a slaughter. Small wonder that an incensed Goebbels properly reproved them when he came to write the correct version of events. This is the way it happened, according to the Hitlerland Pulitzer:

> June 30 passed off without friction, without the slightest tremor. With his authority and with remarkable brevity, the Führer quick as lightning suppressed the revolt of a small coterie of saboteurs, ambitious men afflicted with a malady. A huge wave of confidence welled up in the entire nation for Adolf Hitler because of his heroic acts. The people in their entirety welcomed with a sigh of relief the liberating deed of the Führer which saved Germany and thereby the entire world from direst catastrophe.

All of which draws tribute of envy and admiration from those of us living in an insufficiently disciplined nation where periodicals with no Goebbels to guide them publish all sorts of poisonous, unscrupulous stuff aimed at such good and great men as Franklin D. Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, General Hugh S. Johnson and Alfred Emanuel Smith. Had Nazi journalistic ethics prevailed here in 1932, for instance, we should have learned the truth about Hoover's conquest of the depression threat instead of being led astray by the scoundrelly tales printed in weeklies and dailies letting on that things steadily were growing worse in spite of all Herbert at great personal sacrifice, not to mention the wear and tear on the presidential pants-seat. This is what we should have had:

> Unanimous reëlection of the Great Engineer is an absolute certainty as public idolatry of Our Hero swells to a point where there's no restraining citizens from carrying him around on their shoulders just as the cheering bonus marchers did at Washington. The months since the stock-market collapse faked by a little group of willful saboteurs have passed off without the slightest sign of a domestic depression. Moving faster than greased chain lightning, the Engineer dashed around the corner and carried us back to an even greater prosperity marked by a dozen limousines in every garage and a milk-fed ostrich in every pot. Heil Hoover!

And a week or so ago when blood of strikers and strike-breakers really began to flow in the streets reserved by G.O.P. prophets for the growth of grass, our page ones chastely and scrupulously would have informed us:

> Wafted on his way by the thunderous cheers of organized labor, Honest Franklin, the Great Emancipator, today was steaming quick as lightning across the ocean towards those storm centers of industrial strife, the Hawaiian Islands, where, special correspondents assure us, he no sooner will land than a huge wave of confidence will well up as he goes into his heroic act of saving the world from the dire catastrophe of conflict between the hula barons and organized Ladies Grass Skirt Workers threatening a reign of pineapple throwing unless stringent penalties are enforced in the case of haughty tourists refusing to recognize the girls for collective-bargaining purposes. In valiantly taking to the ocean, the Emancipator turns his back on a smiling United States basking in peace and plenty, on a contented San Francisco, a placid Portland, a happy Houston, all turned into industrial Utopias by Our Hero's straightforward and uncompromising enforcement of Section 7a of the National Industrial Recovery Act. Hoch der Frankenstein D!

Johnson of West Point is flaying the Hitlerites, you may have noticed in accounts of how he met another Waterloo in Iowa. Envy over Goebbels' success where Johnson failed. Reading the Paul Joseph masterpiece, he sees what might have been if he'd licensed the native gazettes instead of contenting himself with publishing an N.R.A. newspaper at taxpayer expense and mailing out such bulletins as the Release No. 4581, which fearlessly announced that birthday tributes were flooding N.R.A. offices and went on to devote five closely mimeographed pages to reproducing such wild, wonderful and sugary tributes to Hughie as poured in from Secretary of Commerce Roper, from Congressman Herman P. Koppleman, from Madame Perkins, from Grover Whalen and gardenia, from Condé Nast of Vogue magazine, from the Artificial Flower and Feather Code Authority and from the National Fertilizer Association. Small wonder that the General mourns having missed the chance to read this on every page one in the land:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> General Hugh S. Johnson, eminent man of letters who authorized those sterling classics, "Williams of West Point," "Williams on Service," "Selective Service Regulations and Questionnaire" and "First Report of Provost Marshal General," today cracked down on us lying journalists with lightning speed and purged us of unscrupulousness without parallel. Readers will welcome with a sigh of relief the suppression of the Constitution and the licensing of the press by a General guaranteeing disciplined news, more and better comic strips and the serialization of "Williams of West Point" starting with tonight's Five Star Final edition and continuing thereafter without the slightest friction or tremor. Read "Williams of West Point." William Lyon Phelps says it's better than "Chickie." Read Hugh S. Johnson's "Today" column on page one! Read the "Today and Tomorrow" column by Hugh S. Johnson! Read the "Johnson on Broadway" column! Turn to the comic page and see Orphan Annie reunited with Daddy Johnson; watch Andy and Bim get acquainted with Hughie Gump; learn what happens when the Bungles move in next door to General Johnson!

But is it really too late for the General to act? Perhaps not. More and more we detect in the press-association dispatches a tendency to go Goebbels if Hugh S. will only meet the newspaper boys halfway. We refer you to the little gem wirelessed from San Juan, P. R., by the world's greatest wire service on the occasion of a visitation from Mrs. Roosevelt a short three months ago. It began:

> Some day there may be a saga to tell how Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, dropping from the skies to the sea, was prophetess of New Dealism to the varied peoples of these diversified islands. It seems logical in these dreamy ports so filled with legendary lore in many languages.

We defy any Goebbels to do much better than that.

HOWARD WOLF.

Washington Notes

Smothering a Strike with Sympathy—His Grace and Mr. McGrady—"Run Out the Rats"—An Odd Arbiter

LAST WEEK the Pacific Coast strikes held the attention of official Washington almost to the exclusion of everything else. During the first few days, at least, I think it is true that the sympathies of every important administration member, except General Johnson, were with the strikers. The administration has been called anti-labor many times during the last six months, and in most instances the accusation has been justified. But administration members, as individuals, haven't been happy about it. They have suffered under the skullduggeries of the Weirton steel case, and winced when the rank-and-file steel workers, last month, called the N.R.A. the "National Run Around." However, they deserve no particular pity; there is no federal statute compelling them to hold office in an administration they don't approve of.

But despite the administration's bad labor record, I think of the strikers. Besides being Assistant Secretary of Labor that in the case of the San Fra[illegible] claim to have been, for the most part, on the workers' side. After the general strike was declared, every reactionary newspaper in the country printed editorials in which the administration was made to appear as a sort of village idiot, playing aimlessly with forces it did not understand and was incapable of dealing with. This is untrue. The administration was perfectly aware of the explosiveness of the situation, and as far back as last May undertook to work for a settlement.

Its plans were based on a recognition of California's peculiar social organization. Officials here knew that the state was ruled by a bitterly anti-union group of industrialists, who controlled the municipal governments, civic bodies and most of the newspapers, and that the history of labor warfare in California, symbolized by Tom Mooney, was long and bloody. Although the striking longshoremen were asking merely for the same sort of union recognition that obtains in many other ports, and existed in San Francisco until the 1919 strike, it was a practical certainty that they were going to be accused by employers' agents of being Reds in the pay of Moscow, and that an attempt would be made by the employers to use the hatred of the middle classes for communism to create a demand for the National Guard and the crushing of the strike. To circumvent all this, the administration agreed to make Archbishop Hanna the chief figure in its peace efforts. No one could seriously accuse a high dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church of sympathy for communists. It was felt that the mere presence of Archbishop Hanna in the negotiations would frighten off the Red-hunters, and permit the strike to be settled with a measure of justice to the workers. Assistant Secretary of Labor McGrady was dispatched to San Francisco to chaperone the Archbishop. Mr. McGrady was in San Francisco during the greater part of the last two months, and in daily communication with Secretary Perkins.

In the negotiations under Archbishop Hanna, most of the obstinacy was displayed by the employers. Popular opinion, to the gratification of administration observers, seemed to be swinging to the strikers' side. Then, under the guidance of Mayor Rossi, the employers suddenly submitted their much publicized offer to arbitrate the issue of the longshoremen's hiring halls. Since control of the hiring halls and union recognition were one and the same question, this was an offer the strike leaders could not possibly accept, and the employers knew it. According to accounts received here at the time, however, the Archbishop seemed to be wholly taken in by the magic word "arbitration." He retired from the meeting to offer a prayer of thanksgiving, and at the same moment the administration's position was thoroughly compromised.

The situation, from the administration's point of view, still might have been saved if Mr. McGrady had been available as a substitute for the Archbishop. But Mr. McGrady labored under two handicaps. During the negotiations, he had consistently subordinated himself to Archbishop Hanna, and, as the strikers lost confidence in the Archbishop's judgment, if not his integrity, they began to suspect Mr. McGrady as well. Then, too, Mr. McGrady apparently felt, on his side, somewhat uneasy in the presence

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adviser of President William Green. The longshoremen's strike exhibited the same division between the conservative, old-guard leadership and the rank and file that exists in the majority of the unions throughout the country. In San Francisco, the rank-and-file revolt had risen to the pitch where the strikers called Joseph P. Ryan, president of the International Longshoremen's Association, every name they could lay tongue to, and drove him out of town. Mr. McGrady, as the friend of the A.F. of L. old guard, felt forced to deal gingerly with Bridges and the other insurgent leaders. For similar reasons, Mr. Green, here in Washington, for a time barricaded himself in his office, and refused even to mention the strike. With Archbishop Hanna and Mr. McGrady out of action, the administration's mediation committee momentarily broke down; Mayor Rossi brought in his National Guardsmen and the workers turned to preparations for a general strike.

The final disaster to the administration's plans, however, came still later with the unanticipated arrival of General Johnson. More than a month earlier, Mr. Roosevelt removed all labor disputes from the General's jurisdiction, and entrusted them to Secretary Perkins and the new National Labor Relations Board. This implied rebuke irritated the General, and he calmly appropriated the general strike at San Francisco as a promising means of rehabilitating his authority. He established himself at a hotel, and sent for employers' and workers' representatives to negotiate with him. All night long men were apparently popping in and out of his room, under the eyes of reporters crowding in the corridor, and by morning he had made himself, after Bridges, the most conspicuous figure of the strike drama.

It was reported in Washington that Mr. McGrady pleaded with the General not to make a speech or issue a statement, but the next day found the General in the Berkeley open-air theatre, calling upon the people of San Francisco "to wipe out this subversive element [which in the context obviously meant Bridges and the longshoremen's leaders] as you clean off a chalk mark on a blackboard with a wet sponge." In another passage, he demanded that labor itself "run these subversive influences from its ranks like rats." After the administration's painful efforts from May onwards to prevent a Red scare from getting started in California, to have the General, with all the prestige of the New Deal about him, publicly advocate violence against the strike leaders was an undeserved calamity. Unquestionably this altogether vicious speech did more than any other one thing to bring about the abject surrender of Vandeleur and the central labor body that came seventy-two hours later.

Some of the politically minded members of the administration were greatly perturbed because, at the moment the general strike broke out, Mr. Roosevelt was catching tropical fish from the cruiser "Houston." Reactionaries on the Pacific Coast deluged Washington with appeals for his immediate return, and beyond question many of them were furiously resentful when he wisely refused to do so. Imagine the pressure that was put on him by wireless, from inside the administration and outside, on that first day of the strike! Yet he went on placidly fishing. What a nervous system the man has!

Other People's Money

Vital Mechanics of the Exchange—Who Rules the Wall Street Roost?—The Ticker-Tape Bureaucracy

THE National Securities and Exchange Commission will get down presently to the business of considering the application of various stock exchanges for admission to registry. Last week I ventured to suggest some marks that the New York institution should be compelled to toe before being admitted to the privileges of acting as an exchange. I want to add another suggestion, at least as important as those brought forward last week.

Under the act, security exchanges are allowed a large area within which they will govern their own markets. The New York Stock Exchange, for instance, will still own the trading floor, the extensive machinery for carrying on and facilitating trading, the right to elect governors of the Exchange and all the committees, the right to make rules governing trading, the right to discipline members and a score of other rights that are important factors in the business of speculation.

These powers, which were vigorously contended for by the Exchange, were based on that popular slogan of business men —Self-Rule in Business. The theory, of course, is that all business groups should be permitted to make the rules of the game under which they operate. We need not examine that proposition here. Sound or not, it has been accepted by Congress in passing this bill for the control of security markets. The commission must now apply the principle of self-rule to our security markets. How should this be done?

First, the commission must inquire what the area is to which this principle of self-rule is to be applied. The answer to that question would seem to be simple. It must be applied to the security markets. A stock exchange is an organization to govern a security market. If that government is to conform to the doctrine of self-government, the commission must at the outset ask who and what are the elements to be governed. Self-government means the lodging of the power of governing in the hands of those who are governed. What groups are to be found in a security market? There are, first, the issuers of securities—corporations whose stocks are listed on the exchange. There are the investment bankers who act as the agents of such issuers. There are, most important of all, the buyers of such securities—investors. There are the lenders of the money used in the markets—the banks. There are the persons who act as the agents of all these persons—the brokers. There are the dealers in securities. There are the speculators or gamblers who trade in and out.

If we are to have self-rule in the security market there ought to be an organization that will give representation to all these groups. To commit the government of the market to any one or two of them would be a manifest injustice to all the others. If only a single group is to be favored it would seem that the investors or perhaps the corporations whose issues are listed ought to control the market place.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rule would be the speculators and gamblers whose chief interest is in making swift and easy profits out of fluctuations in the market. Yet it is this last group that has always dominated the Exchange.

The Exchange has a potential membership of 1,375 members. Not all, however, are commission brokers. A large number are floor traders. A larger number are specialists who also act as floor traders for their own account. The number who act as commission brokers, representing exclusively the interests of the trading and investing public, represent a minority. While in theory all members participate in ruling the Exchange, long years of development have ordered things so that the floor traders and the gambling specialists dominate the organization. They obtained this control many years ago when the floor traders were more numerous, and they have been able to retain it through a device in the laws governing the election of governors. There are forty-two governors, but only ten are elected each year. If an insurrection on the Exchange were successful for two consecutive years, it could conquer only twenty seats—which would still be a minority. A revolution would have to succeed three years in succession to unhorse the element that dominates the Exchange. And it is very difficult to keep revolutions going three years, particularly in so conservative a place as the Stock Exchange.

A security market governed by its speculative element can hardly be said to be enjoying the blessings of self-government. The Exchange should be ruled by a set of trustees representing the various elements that meet in the security market—the brokers, the investment bankers, the banks, the listed corporations and certain public citizens representing the investors. The one group that should be rigidly excluded from any place in control is the speculative or gambling element—the floor traders and the brokers who trade for their own account.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that the commission, before it admits the New York Stock Exchange to registry, will insist that the government of the Exchange shall be in the hands of a board of trustees or governors, representing all the groups in the market. Also the commission should insist on the right of its representatives, whenever desired, to sit in at meetings of these governors so that there will be no secret schemes against the interest of the economic society.

Moreover, the commission should insist that trials of members of the Exchange should be held before impartial committees, not committees made up exclusively of stock brokers. These trials should be open. And the right of the complaining witness to be represented and to hear the defense of the accused broker and to see all the evidence presented and to have the advantage of such an investigation without being taxed an outrageous bill of costs, ought to be carefully secured by the commission. Moreover, all this should be exacted before the Exchange is given the right to continue as an exchange. After that, in spite of certain powers given the commission in the act, it will, as a matter of practical tactics, be too late.

One more point. I was amazed to see a statement attributed to the Commission that it probably would not subject the smaller exchanges to regulation. The smaller exchanges are chiefly employed as primary distributing markets. To permit them to escape all regulation would be nothing short of a calamity.

Texas Lights: IV

WE HAVE been discussing the possibility that our American nation might turn out to have various sorts of genius, such, for example, as invention, advertising, popcorn, sanitation and frontiering—to mention a very few—but not a genius for government. Some of the company have maintained, even, that prohibition further disabled whatever instinct we may have had for the enactment, observance or execution of law. This is a black thought for a moonlight night, dining on the terrace of a delightful dean. For while few of us present may have a conception of what a civilization is, all of us have a sort of childish sense of what it is to do wrong. We have for the most part inherited two conceptions of wrongdoing. One of them is: do not do what offends God and man; the other is: not to do anything for what might be called the gayety of nations. At any rate it would obviously be wrong in this mere sketch to settle either point. I shall certainly not do so, but shall sit listening to the cicadas, which now in the middle of summer are in full sound among the leaves, in the shadows, or high up in trees. They are mentioned by most of the Greek poets, but what of that? If this wing-sawing, with its happy, harvest, classic song, is their day's chore and, by its cheer, will bring us out of the depression, it is all right. If these insects are merely enjoying themselves personally, that is another matter. I do not speak cicadese, but there are plenty of ways of finding out these things. A good committee could walk up a tree and say, "Tell the government how many hours you sing." Or, "Do you saw your wings together because you are out of work, or are you out of work because you saw your wings?" Of writers, scholars, sculptors, painters and musicians engaged by the government, this question, so far as I know, has not been asked; so that this case of the cicadas might be a good place to begin. At any rate we may be sure that some day a congressional committee will take up the case, saying, "What is a cicada?"

In the midst of the cicadas I hear a lawyer's voice telling us of a new case of his out in Rusk County. It is a gay case in its way, American style, involving millions, essential lawlessness, laissez-faire, recklessness, gambling and a color of the temporary. We are good Americans present, and our conception, taken all in all, of a society or state amounts to something about like the idea of some dear boy on a picnic. These and suits are common in Texas, the lawyer says nonchalantly: he separates the government from himself in decency, as if to say, "When I bathe I have those pine bath salts; washing the elephant takes barrels of carbolic water." Nevertheless, we know by his voice that something quite good has come up, and so listen to his story.

Under the Spanish system in Texas, land was held both under private grants and under the commons system, by which plain people had a right to graze their herds and flocks and to profit by public lands. After the Mexican War, the common or ungranted land was taken by the Republic of Texas. To colonists grants were issued. Later, as a state, Texas granted rights to unappropriated lands. After the Civil War Confederate soldiers were given grants. And then too, back in 1853, a law was passed granting to the railroads sixteen sections of land for every mile of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Attorney General Hogg took millions of acres from the railroads). The plan was this: the railroad was given scrip or land certificates. They had then to engage surveyors to find pieces of land that had been left out of the original surveys. When these surveyors found a parcel of land not covered by land grant or certificate, they made their report, after which the man who had employed them could "put in an inquiry" with the Land Commissioner and an application to purchase it.

It is, of course, not hard to imagine the manner in which scraps, as they are called, could have been left out by the earlier surveyors. The country was often open prairie, without landmarks, a mountain, a stream, or anything; what were you to do? If you drove in a stake it would be pulled up for firewood. And there were Indians; the temptation not to establish too fine a line through a shower of arrows was strong. There arose, accordingly, a good deal of what was quietly known as office surveying, safely done from maps.

The method now is to dig around in the land-office at the capital of the state—where, it seems, such courtesy is extended as might even at times be said to leave you on your honor—and perhaps you may find a scrap, without discoverable scrip or certificate supporting its present ownership. To carry through the process costs money, however, no matter what fine bits you discover. Not only the legal items have to be met; the people occupying the land naturally contest the plan to oust them. Ordinary land might lead to milder ways, but with millions in oil spouting or threatening to spout, this scrip research has its lively side.

The case our fellow guest relates I will briefly set down. It is in Rusk County, far away from our dinner—Mr. Middleton (old South Carolina family) between drinks managed somehow to run down a tract for which there was no scrip but every sign of oil. In fact one of the richest oil fields in the world encircles it.

Mr. Middleton made an agreement with Mr. Smith—who, it seems, had ready money—that Mr. Smith should undertake the necessary steps, for 50 percent. Three months later Mr. Smith, thinking that too little, demanded 75 percent, which Mr. Middleton granted. The process seemed to drag, however, and Mr. Middleton, growing impatient, made a new agreement with a Mr. Hinds and gave him 50 percent. Then Mr. Hinds, seeking to avoid bother, took in a lawyer, giving him 10 percent from his share and 15 percent from Mr. Middleton's. He then persuaded Mr. Middleton to add another 25 percent to the 50, thus leaving Mr. Middleton 10 percent of the whole. Mr. Hinds did nothing about getting the land surveyed and acquired, but went out and sold for cash 403 shares. The oil meanwhile has come in at the rate of 45,000 barrels a day, at a dollar a barrel, though the Railroad Commission allows only 1,000 gallons a day to be produced.

Among the individuals to whom Mr. Hinds sold some of the 403 shares is, however, a Mrs. Duggan. She, presently, went to the original claimant, Middleton, and he gave her 75 percent of the whole. Now she has brought suit on the basis that Middleton's having gone to Hinds was a revocation of Middleton's agreement with Smith. At the only trial so far, she gave Middleton $8, with which he bought a bottle of Four Roses and had to be carried out of court before he could testify.

About this instance, involving such high principles of government and sums of money, I am afraid none of the guests are as serious as they might be. Nobody ponders aloud our national governmental conscience; but I do hear somebody saying that this land tract reminds him of the colored preacher's sermon about Jezebel which we all used to hear as children: of how Marse Potifo was ridin' long and seed Jezebel and she say gimme a ride so he guv her a ride, and dey tuk her up in de tower and say th'ow her down, and dey th'ew her down and dey picked up twelve baskets of fragments, whose wife will she be at de resurrection?

Well, sweet land of liberty, we've been young so many years!

STARK YOUNG.

Movies, Light and Heavy

W. C. FIELDS is with us again, and perhaps it would be as good a time as any to have a plaster cast made of that broken and blithely alcoholic profile, that it might be placed in the American Gallery of Living Art. Or some such place, for I begin to think he is the funniest man we have got, depending as he does neither on gag lines nor striking situations, aiming at no particular level of taste, carrying his humor about him. His latest, "The Old-Fashioned Way," is one of those stories of broken-down troupers in the 90's, having a moderately hilarious burlesque performance of "The Drunkard" in it, and a pleasant minimum of interference from the rich man's son who would marry the belle of the troup. As usual, it serves to make you all the more grateful for Fields when he appears, dodging sheriffs, courting a rich biddy (Jan Duggan), juggling with little balls and cigar boxes, doing any old thing and getting more laughs out of it than is seemly. As The Great McGonigle, manager and star, he is in his customary state of having just come from great things and being on his way to still greater, but for the moment, through some embarrassing trick of fate, hampered severely though never fazed by material circumstances—a bouncing fraud and with the stentorian round words of a senator; courtly, and in imminent danger of eating with his knife. The world is a stage across which he walks with a top hat and all sorts of asides, old-world commands, harangues to the ladeez and to the gents. With a more scintillating play and support he might not be so good; as it is, he plugs to death the old-fashioned way of sitting on sharp instruments and getting pelted with tomatoes, and still manages to be a modern wonder.

One falls with rather a heavy thud from Fields to "Shoot the Works," a comedy of whose broad possibilities only a minimum was realized. Blame for this may go impartially to director and screen writers; but mention for a good job of work against odds is due Jack Oakie, Dorothy Dell, Alison Skipworth. A barker-promoter has a heart of gold, is deserted by members of his enterprise, sinks, rises, makes a come-back that puts his romance finally to rights. On the whole, though, worth seeing. Whatever you think of the story, which had a lot of impossible angles, and the direction, which was heavy-footed, you will still be happy for the goodness of the good parts, and perhaps a little saddened that Miss Dell, being so young and charming

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and rich with life, is dead, and will not make another.

There are several heavy ones this time, no need to go into details. "Stamboul Quest" shows Myrna Loy as a famous international agent, detailed to save the Dardanelles from the German war government, and not too much at home in high intrigue. Intrigue in the department of romance is her line, and while the picture has a deal of sideshow brightness in the way of exchanges as between her and George Brent, the irrepressible American, it does not show her to best advantage—which, in the case of Myrna Loy, is a very pert and delightful best advantage indeed.

Of "Operator 13" you could not want to know more than that it should be stayed away from, being a silly silly silly little R. W. Chambers story of how Miss Davies and Mr. Cooper, spying for the North and South respectively, saved the Civil War with the help of some generals, some (quite well managed) troop movements, and the Mills Brothers. . . . "Whom the Gods Destroy," which almost destroys Walter Connolly, is too flat, foolish and impossible to discuss.

In addition, "The Notorious Sophie Lang" and "His Greatest Gamble" are just about fair; and "Fog Over Frisco" is in such a masterful style that I shall try to do something with it when there is more space. O. F.

CORRESPONDENCE

Doubts on Public Opinion

SIR: In Edwin E. Witte's article, "What Congress Did for Labor," The New Republic, July 11, he says, "While the courts may hold that Section 7a does not obligate employers to negotiate with employee representatives, the refusal of any group to do so after an election conducted by a federal board would certainly turn public opinion against them."

I should like to ask Mr. Witte—Is there actually any such thing as "public opinion" in the United States? Has public opinion done anything in the Weirton Steel, Harriman Hosiery and other notorious recent cases of labor disputes? Is there any case on record when public opinion assisted labor?

Is it not a fact that the Hearsts, McCormicks, Chandlers and other powerful publishers have doped us into almost complete social unconsciousness? And does this not account for the public's past and present indifference or even antagonistic attitude toward labor's problems throughout the land?

LEE K. STROBEL.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Eastman vs. Steffens

SIR: In his review, or rather dismissal, of my book, "Artists in Uniform," in your issue of June 20, Lincoln Steffens attributes to me a five-year plan of self-seeking which puzzles me in the extreme.

My book, he says, "makes the right people glad and it makes the left people furious, as the author evidently labored with delight to do. And as was also planned for about five years, the joy and the rage aroused were misdirected by the artist for his own sweet sake; not art's."

I do not know quite what this means, but it is evidently intended for a mortal thrust. And as it comes from one whom your readers might imagine to have personal knowledge, I should like to say that it tallies with nothing in my consciousness or mode of existence.

As I look back upon the last five years, my life seems to have labored along with the same triangular combination of purposes as always—a little earning of my living by lecturing so that I can write creatively without the commercial motive, a perpetual postponement of creative writing because I feel obliged to serve the revolution with my political pen. It was just five years ago that I laid aside my chosen work to prepare a book called "The Real Situation in Russia," and I gave all my royalties on that book to help found The Militant, the organ of the Communist Left Opposition in this country. This year I have published two things: "The Last Stand of Dialectic Materialism," a brochure of so little interest to any but Marxists that I had to print it at my own expense, and "Artists in Uniform," the chapters of which I brought out in a struggling revolutionary magazine, The Modern Monthly, which pays nothing for contributions, but for the support of which, on the contrary, I am again raising money as I used to for The Masses and The Liberator.

I deeply regret to trouble you with these biographical details, but you have allowed the methods of Stalinism, the method of the literary frame-up, to creep into your pages, and it is my policy to defend myself with candor against this kind of attack. I saw what the dear old "dignified silence" did to Trotsky in Russia.

It is perfectly obvious that had I wished to offer my account of the Soviet literary inquisition to the anti-Soviet press I could have made big money out of it, instead of having to raise money for the revolutionary magazine that published it. What is the basis, then, of this dark hint of a five-year plan of counter-revolutionary emotion and devotion to my own sweet self? It is little over two years ago that Steffens brought to my door a copy of his autobiography with an inscription which I should be proud to have graven on my tombstone. When, and where, and *through whom*, did this five-year plan of self-seeking come to his attention?

My book is a thoroughly documented presentation of fact and a clearly stated political argument, written from a point of view that is well known to those interested in Soviet Russia the world over. It is also a philosophic argument, advancing a position less well known, but a large chunk of it, at least, familiar to the readers of The New Republic. In denouncing this book, a reviewer in your journal would ordinarily, as a matter of elementary honorable routine, meet, or pretend to meet, or at least acknowledge the existence of, its argument.

It is, however, an equally elementary routine of the Stalinists not to debate the issues of the revolution with what they call "Trotskyists"—by which they mean sincere revolutionary critics of their policy—but to dispose of them by the method of excommunication and personal slander. Only this refusal to debate the issues has enabled them to keep alive those disastrous policies—the splitting of the trade-union movement on grounds of doctrine, the denouncing of socialists as "social fascists," the refusal to form with them a genuine united front against a common enemy, the substitution of hooliganism for working-class enlightenment—which are delivering the nations one by one into the hands of fascism. These policies are not only non-Marxian; they are totally out of relation to the thought of Lenin. They are not only "centrist" policies, as the Left Opposition calls them. They are *crazy schemes* which would not survive two days of open and honest revolutionary discussion.

And they have borne their inevitable fruit—or revealed their intrinsic nature—in Litvinov's recent abandonment at Geneva of the disarmament program and proposal of the international slogan "security first." The Second International died as a revolutionary organization when the socialist parties voted the war credits. The Russian Communist party, head of the Third International, is now committed, in all countries, or at least all "democratic" countries, not only to war credits, but to "preparedness" credits, and to the whole program of military nationalism. The resulting position of non-Russian Communists who accept its leadership on grounds of revolutionary internationalism—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be ludicrous. And to complete their discomfiture, Stalin has followed up this international move by hauling down at home the banner: "Workers of the world unite!" and running up in its place: "Defense of the fatherland is the supreme law of life!" (Editorial in Pravda, the official organ of the Russian Communist party, June 9, as quoted by Harold Denny in The New York Times.)

If Steffens can march under this banner in the name of international socialism, is he not at least obliged to meet the arguments of those who cannot? Is it enough to get off these kittenish quips about justice to Trotsky and General Grant—as though I had concerned myself with the question of justice to Trotsky in this book, or any other book, or any writing at any time in my life?

It seems to me that in moving toward the left, The New Republic ought to bring with it what is of enduring value in the tradition of liberalism, the effort toward a clear and clean confrontation of facts and ideas. It ought not to lend itself to the publicity maneuvers of the Stalinists. It is impossible not to see a reflection of those maneuvers in the manner in which the minds of its readers have been protected against any contact with the political subject matter of my book. First they were inoculated against it with an article by Matthew Josephson, not directly alluding to my facts, but recording somewhat casually his impression that all is well in Russian literary politics. Then Lincoln Steffens was trotted out with his inside news of my personal degeneration, and his perfectly obvious drawing of red herrings across the trail in the form of disquisitions upon General Trotsky and General Grant—a work so little to his own taste that he is hardly intelligible in the best of it.

Is it not possible that The New Republic is being "used" a little, without the knowledge of its editors, to extend the area of this boycott against thinking? I do not believe its editors have any disposition on their own account to meet a fully documented presentation of facts and a thoroughly reasoned political argument with personal slander and a raw imputation to the author of ideas which he has nowhere expressed.

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y. MAX EASTMAN.

SIR: Max Eastman convicts me of unclearness, certainly. He is puzzled, and he a humorist. Well, so am I—puzzled.

When I hauled off and smote him affectionately on the wrist for enjoying for his own sweet sake—not art's—the misdirected joy and rage I have watched him arousing for about five years, I had no idea that I was delivering "a mortal thrust." Honestly, I didn't. I imagined that I was snuggling in with him on the fun he was having. It makes me feel silly now to have to deny that I intended to hint at "an inside" news story of his "personal degradation." I did not know there was one. My guess was that he had stopped growing back somewhere in our liberal days when the rude Revolution went its own narrow way instead of ours. But that my favorite philosopher and friend was making money or going back on the inscription on my gift-book and his tombstone—that I never suspected and cannot yet believe. The only decay my fond eyes can detect is in his once so lively, lovely mirth.

"The elementary routine of the Stalinists" by which he says I was "trotted out" after the equally innocent Matthew Josephson to dispose of the issues of the Revolution, not by debate but by the method of excommunication and personal slander—I can't deal with a charge like that without bursting into tears—or something. And my old beloved Max would not have expected me to. I can tell how I was "trotted out" to review "Artists in Uniform." Ella Winter was reading the book and, knowing that I was not interested in muckraking in Russia, not incensed at tyrannies and idiocies inevitable in the early stages of a planned evolution, and did not mind much if our group, the intelligentsia, got some of the medicine they gave other groups and classes, she asked if I could review the book without getting mad? I could. So she suggested to the editors of The New Republic my assignment to the pleasant job. That is all Stalin had to do with this particular persecution.

... meet the thrust of to debate some issues, "has enabled them [the Stalinists] to keep alive those disastrous policies—the splitting of the trade-union movement on grounds of doctrine, the denouncing of socialists as "social fascists," the refusal to form with them a genuine united front against a common enemy, the substitution of hooliganism for working-class enlightenment—which are delivering the nations one by one into the hands of fascism."

Now I can't speak for the Stalinists (they wouldn't let me), but I have been watching some Communist leaders of the American working class out in the field and I have found them to be thoughtful, rather silent men and women, terribly overworked but poised in their manifold activities, loyal, uncompromising, daring and very understanding. They do not refuse, they labor incessantly but wisely, to achieve a united front. They are indeed splitting the trade-union movement, but they have not gone far enough in that direction; they have not yet chiseled off all the old pacifist, liberal, socialist labor leaders whom the big-business leaders find "reasonable" and can "do business with."

As a mere political observer, I will report to Max Eastman and all my other old friends, that out here on the picket lines of the actual struggle there are Communist party leaders whom I can follow. I can't lead them, Max, but I can follow them with a satisfaction I have never felt before in all my professional career.

Carmel, Calif. LINCOLN STEFFENS.

[Note—Matthew Josephson's article, to which Mr. Eastman refers, was written and sent to The New Republic before the publication of "Artists in Uniform" and without the slightest thought of it on the part of either author or editors.—THE EDITORS.]

Insurance Solvency

SIR: In your issue of July 11 you publish a letter relative to Savings Bank Insurance, by C. O. Townsend, and an answer to this letter by Susan Brandeis. . . .

In the Townsend letter is the following misstatement: "Furthermore, if the regular-line insurance companies are unable to obtain, through the efforts of their agents, a given amount of insurance annually, they will be forced to increase premium rates and/or eventually go out of business. This would deprive thousands of policy-holders of their insurance funds or annuities in their advanced age when it is most needed."

There is no truth whatever in this statement. There are solvent and substantial life-insurance companies in this country today which are operating with as little as 1,000 lives insured. The basis of all calculation in old-line, legal-reserve life-insurance companies is such as to make the company actuarially solvent regardless of how many or how few risks may be written each year and on the books in force. . . .

JAMES P. SULLIVAN.

Chicago, Ill.

Extracts from Letters

THE Saturday Review of Literature announces a prize of $1,000 established by Mrs. Edith Anisfield Wolf in memory of her father, to be called the John Anisfield Award. The prize will be awarded annually after August 1, to a sound and significant book published in the previous twelve months, on the subject of racial relations in the contemporary world. The prize will be administered by a committee of judges consisting of Henry Seidel Canby, editor of The Saturday Review of Literature, Henry Pratt Fairchild, professor of Sociology in New York University, and Donald Young of the Social Science Research Council. Books submitted for the award may be sent to the Anisfield Award Committee, care of The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. The first award will be made to a book published between August 1, 1934 and August 1, 1935.

The Student League of Canada announces a national conference at Toronto, Ontario, August 6-8. Those interested are invited to communicate with Mr. R. S. Duncan, National Secretary, Box

LICENSED TO UNT FOR ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The World Below

THE THREE books I have here[1] are in most respects as ill assorted as any you would come upon in a month's reading, each good in its own way, but the way being different. Two of them are novels; the third is based on "over 500 life histories . . . 1,000 samples of conversations . . . over 2,500 opinions, ideas and attitudes." It is a careful and sympathetic study of the "Boy and Girl Tramps of America," written by a professor of Sociology who thought he would go out and meet life, and went out on the bum every available week-end and holiday for two school years, and surely met it. Yet there is a point of resemblance strong enough to bring the three books together, and it is this: that they come from the world below, and with creditable passports.

To us who eat jam with our muffin there is a state within the state that might as well be Tasmania or hell, for all we are familiar with it: a state, shall we say, that the present world was not built to hold. Strike novels and studies of coal mines have served recently to get us into the idea of the picket and soup lines standing for the larger part of this state. But the borderland countries of gangsters to the one side, jungle 'boes to the other, have not often been reported in a way to strip off their melodramatic qualities and come to the tough reality underneath. And these books do just that, or make a start on it, at least.

The Bill Trent of Mr. Appel's book is not intended as a perfect gangster type, and we should, I suppose, guard against generalities, but it is easy to see the workings of a typical economic compulsion in his gradual change from a citizen with a job to leadership in extremely anti-social enterprises. And the book is true enough and well enough built so that when the background becomes the underworld, it is easy to see beyond the usual trappings of stick-ups and butchery into the way this world works, and holds onto its own, and brings about their demoralization and destruction. Easy money, the thing that draws Trent and the rest of them in, does not come easily, but hard, and with a severe toll upon nerves and spirit. Competition is sharp, everyone is ruthless: there are no apologies, no new starts, no havens for the incompetent. You get in and you stay in; you are good or you are rubbed out, and the nearer you get to the top, the more this holds true, until you are faced with the fact that eventually you will be good and rubbed out anyway.

But all of this is not to make a tract of the book. "Brain Guy" gets its main tensions from this almost fatalistic stepping-up of the pace that goes on as Trent loses his job as rent-collector, takes part in a scary first job or two, goes on to more, teams up with iron-man McLean, and goes on. In order to make big money safely, they need helpers; in order to get helpers they finagle control of Duffy's mob. It becomes either them or Duffy, and so they take care of that. It then becomes—logically; you can see it working—either Trent or McLean, and so the former takes care of that. The book closes with Trent as leader of the mob, getting the feel of power, still alive, and speculating which one of the promising youngsters will, in due time, take care of that. . . . The novel moves rather cumbrously for an action story and is often clumsy and trite, but there is this air of inevitability about it to give strength to the outlines and make the last part suspensive to the point of being uncomfortable.

Mr. Minehan's non-fictional treatment of the other borderland country is also uncomfortable, but only in the first part, and for the reason that the author has got off on a very bad foot indeed. For fifty-odd pages he tries to make little sketches out of his material (sensing, though vainly, that this is what ought to be done with it), reporting great batches of conversation with no ear for conversation, and jumping about to the great confusion of the reader. But in the straight exposition of "Where They Sleep," "How They Eat," etc., the book becomes good, and really good. The younger tramps (Mr. Minehan was not concerned with the older vagrants, whose society is similar but with a different spirit) are shown moving in primitive, communal tribes, with codes, an argot ("I carries the banner, slinking harness bulls. Until glims. Then I batters private..."), division of labor, leadership by ability, and so on. Their brotherhood is revealed as a hierarchy, with a first estate of hitch-hikers and sly ones, a second of the scornful and morose who must travel everywhere and nowhere at high speed, riding blind or on Pullman roofs; and a third estate (and this the largest) of those who ride freights, the upper crust working the fruit and silk manifests, others the slower accommodation trains. Some gangs specialize in raiding milk on doorsteps, others in breaking into garages. Within the whole transient mass "race prejudice scarcely exists," and there is coming about a new conception of the world they are living in. Communism "is spreading rapidly. . . . There is agreement that a revolution is coming. . . . "

And here is the one hopeful thing about the whole business: they are young, "not a little proud of themselves," they are not licked. They figure somebody else is due to be licked, perhaps. They know how come they are there: "Father said they gave her the black bottle because she was poor. . . . We had to go to bed because the house was so cold. . . . Then he bangs me with a chair and I lams it. . . . So I says, 'Like hell you will,' and I scrams." They are there because there was no other place: home was hopeless, raw and violent in its poverty, so they all lammed it—and 387 out of 466 interviewed were very clear in their minds what is the matter—The Big Trouble, they call it. The Big Trouble will take fixing, but not the fixing Mr. Minehan, for all his careful investigation of conditions, proposes. Soup lines and detention camps are all very well, and very humane, but not a cure; Pollyanna can put the kettle on, but what an increasing number of these quaint little vagabonds have in mind is blowing the lid off it.

Mr. Bordages knows these things, and does not dodge them; more, his book carries matters through to a conclusion, traces the close similarity between the two underworlds.

Of the characters that are pictured hauling out of Texas as his book opens—the Jew, the Wop, the Nigger, Whitey, John, a girl dressed as a boy—two later become petty gangsters, having got hold of a rod and ambitions. The Wop

[1] Brain Guy, by Benjamin Appel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Boy and Girl Tramps of America, by Thomas Minehan. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 267 pages, illustrated. $2.50.

There Shall Be Laughter, by Asa Bordages. New York: William

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is not cagey, so Whitey puts him away; Whitey is too cagey, so radio cars bottle him in Central Park, where there is a tense enough running battle, followed by blood and capture. John and the girl, on the other hand, team up (there has been, rather obviously for cheap sex interest, a Discovery of her as a girl, a love pact, a gang-shagging) and move on to New York. There she has a baby in a Hoover City while John—whose meekness will never inherit, he having fallen under the wheels on a night freight—is hourly expected back from a job he thought might be open, scabbing in Philadelphia. A farmhand and the Nigger, having meanwhile done time on a Carolina chain gang, meet in Central Park and canvass the situation, and decide to tie up with the Comrades. Of the original gang, that is, each has gone a logical way to a logical end: you cannot fix things by joining the underworld, there is no return from that country; no more can you do anything by hoping in an upright American fashion for a job. There is a small ray of hope, and a long way off, but it is a ray at least and some will see it.

There are two kinds of truth illustrated in these three books—one a truth of facts, the other one of something else again—a fabricated thing, with color and sound, with the salt of actual speech upon it. With life, movement. "There Shall Be Laughter," a fast, hard story for the most part, though with some very bright and knowing biographical sketches here and there, has this second and more immediate truth. Not but what there is plenty wrong with it. Character wears thin, the plot is episodic, the whole job gives the impression of having been thrown together hastily and for the sake of making a story to set your teeth on edge. But at the same time (and this is very important) it is the work of someone who can write, easily, understandingly, with a pointed intelligence. Although more lacking in ballast than either of the other books in hand, its picture comes out the sharpest and remains the longest.

OTIS FERGUSON.

Barnum's Babies

Our Master's Voice, by James Rorty. New York: The John Day Company. 394 pages. $3.

MR. JAMES RORTY has written what is probably the first entirely honest book on advertising. Veblenian in its philosophy, ironic and humorous in its approach, with material drawn from the author's own experience as an ad-man fortified by further research and copious statistics, "Our Master's Voice" is a highly readable book that definitely places advertising as a parasitic function of our parasitic business, and clearly indicates its effects upon our culture.

When our production system passed from an economics of scarcity to an economics of abundance, the only way to maintain business for profit was to create an artificial demand for all the needlessly expensive, useless and harmful articles upon the market. This was the job of advertising. Its claim to tell the truth is ridiculed to death by Mr. Rorty, who points out that it never tells the all-important truth as to the relation between an article's production cost and its sales price. Born of the need for falsehood (and fundamentally vowed to falsehood, since it constantly pretends to "serve" the public when, as everyone knows, it exists to serve business), advertising tells even a partial truth only when this happens to be helpful toward the end of selling its product, without lowering its price, to more or less resistant customers. In prosecuting this difficult and culturally valueless task, advertising has taken over, as Mr. Rorty shows, virtually all our modern organs of social communication. From their advertising the magazines derive 63.4 percent of their income, the newspapers 74.1 percent, the radio 100 percent, so that these great channels of art and information are controlled in their policies by corporations having no interest in either. By careful analysis of twelve leading magazines, eleven of them with circulations of over 100,000, Mr. Rorty shows that the chief motives appealed to by their advertising are fear, sex desire and emulation in "conspicuous consumption." In addition to corrupting the public taste in this way, advertising has corrupted the American artist (before the depression "any competent artist could choose between starving to death painting good pictures, and making from $10,000 to $50,000 a year painting portraits of branded spinach, pineapple, cheese, etc."); it has corrupted the American scientist (see the frank statement of Mr. Kettering, research director of General Motors: "The whole object of research is to keep everyone reasonably dissatisfied with what he has in order to keep the factory busy in making new things"); and it has corrupted even the incorruptible Rooseveltian Congress (Mr. Rorty, who does not fear to call names, gives a charming rogues' gallery of the patent-medicine lobby—including the assistant editor of the Woman's Home Companion—that recently destroyed the Tugwell Food and Drug Bill). As to religion, if it wasn't already corrupted, advertising has accomplished that, too (remember the ineffable Bruce Barton, to whom Mr. Rorty devotes a brief but definitive chapter).

There is some exaggeration, doubtless, in the book, some belaboring of statistics, some needless repetition, some ambiguity of concepts, but Mr. Rorty's main thesis that advertising is a culturally destructive by-product of a culturally destructive system is driven home by him up to the hilt.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

Pitkin Products, Inc.

New Careers for Youth, by Walter B. Pitkin. New York: Simon and Schuster. 236 pages. $1.50.

Life Begins at Forty, by Walter B. Pitkin. New York: Whittlesey House. 182 pages. $1.50.

More Power to You! by Walter B. Pitkin. New York: Simon and Schuster. 310 pages. $1.75.

A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity, by Walter B. Pitkin. New York: Simon and Schuster. 586 pages. $4.

AN N.R.A. code for authors would surely take account of Walter B. Pitkin. He not only produces more books per year than almost anybody else; he also puts them on the market at attractively low prices, because anticipated sales of Pitkin products confidently may be set rather high. The titles help tell the reason. Youth today yearns desperately for a career, where yesterday it yearned expectantly. Millions of old young men want to be convinced that life starts at forty instead of going to seed at forty-five. More power is the focus of aching desire on the part of no-one-knows-how-many driven servants of business and industry, from the stock clerk to the president of the bank holding the notes of the corporation. As for stupidity, there is hardly a person in the land so stupid as to be devoid of the longing to enjoy a session of hilarious laughter at a book descriptively rich in items on the subject.

Most striking among Mr. Pitkin's virtues is his capacity for demonstrating the practical relevance of his findings. Thus, in his latest work "N[illegible]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

advises urban business men to buy up cheaply and operate the best of the farms now on their way to the auction block; and speaks with first-hand knowledge, since on the side he runs a farm himself. Again, he recommends industrial art as a career, pointing to a young man whom he personally placed and who is proving a definite success in that profession. One is less confident of his personal acquaintance with tenement life, for he claims that the worst victims of bad housing are families in the $2,000-$5,000-income class; and he also hails air-conditioning equipment as the logical remedy for the too-dry, too-hot atmosphere of the "average" American home. But in a reasonable degree "New Careers for Youth" is the work of a writer who not only states but demonstrates.

An even better instance of his willingness to back his theory with personally experienced fact is to be found in "More Power to You!" Mr. Pitkin—to abstract the text in question—has been given four months to lay his work on the line. Four months are 120 days. The author subtracts 42 days for university lectures, 20 days for spring gardening and farm chores, 225-275 hours for checking about 200 references (19-20 days of six hours each with two checkers operating), and six to seven days for unforeseen tasks. Net time remaining for actual composition: 31-32 days. But this result does not please Mr. Pitkin. He likes a steady pace and, if he is to produce steadily on such a time allowance, he will have to slow down to 1,800 words a day. He decides to reallocate his factors until he can "attain the best tempo, which is about 4,000 words a day. This demands only 11 to 12 days of actual composition. So what I do is to hold this speed and turn the book in ahead of the editorial deadline." Q.E.D. One thumbs the book nervelessly and reflects that, after this precise object lesson, it would take a hard-mouthed sinner indeed to resist trying the system of Pitkin, Inc. (consisting in the latest instance of an Emergency Work Bureau research staff of relief employees, and others).

Turn to the next preceding book of Mr. Pitkin, "Life Begins at Forty." Here the author, with a dozen or more of books, a number of editorships, and any amount of education, travel and diversified occupational experience behind him, cavorts around the thesis that "This is a young man's world" like an orgiastic cooper round a barrel. When he hangs up his hammer the young manhood of today and tomorrow is securely jailed inside, with its tired nose to the grindstone, while the author and his fellow plus-forties are all set to take off on what is to be nothing short of a spree of creation, diversion and wild, gladsome freedom in general, with all modern trimmings. (Yes, even super-modern trimmings.) There is no question, either, of beginning life on a shoestring, so far as the chief demonstrator is concerned. The copy of "Life Begins at Forty" under perusal is marked: "85th to 114th thousand." (Meditate on that, Young Drudges, and be sure the bung of your barrel is unbunged when you do, so as not to be drowned in your own weary weeps.)

But if the reader of these remarks feels inclined to see the demonstrator come close to out-demonstrating himself, he will have to go back to the book preceding the one just mentioned: "A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity." In "More Power to You!" Mr. Pitkin is the perfect power plant. In "Life Begins at Forty" he is the perfect plus-forty. But in "A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity" he is so much beyond being the perfect stupe that he would be unfairly described in any words but his own. Here is a demonstration in his logic of rhetoric (italics ours):

> The extreme types of personality attract undue attention, get into headlines, and are later exploited by biographers. But *the stream of life down which they swim* is a million times broader and deeper and older than they; and it *is composed of trillions of drops of water*. . . .
>
> We shall behold [geniuses] *hobbling* through common affairs *like cripples who use their own wooden heads as crutches.*

Are these such errors as develop in minds in which visual thinking is an unknown phenomenon? The author notes:

> To think without using language is almost impossible. . . . But it is easy to use language without thinking.

Which may explain the matter. But here is a demonstration in the logic of ethno-sociology:

> [The October Revolution succeeded because] Kerensky was a thorough Russian—with the typical motor inferiorities of that strange breed.

In the logic of pre-history (italics ours):

> The faster people [primitive farmers] bred, the thicker grew the ring of hungry foes around each fat plain. Hence the fiercer the battles. *But*—and now we reach a crisis in human history—*the villagers generally won.* . . . Their nomad foes . . . were unorganized and aimless except in their common eagerness to seize the rich food supply of the villagers.

Which explains why the world is ruled by the descendants of nomads except for a small patch of the Southwestern part of the United States—if the peasant Indian reservations there may be considered autonomous. Here is a demonstration in the logic of historical psychometry:

> . . . The Russia of 1914 was perhaps 30 percent more intelligent than the horde of Stalin . . . the England of 1914 was fully 50 percent shrewder, wiser, keener, more alert, and generally better than the sorry swarm of pallid beggars and loafers now living on a dole and great memories of empire.

Note: England in 1820 had an estimated 25 percent of its population on the parish relief rolls. Here is a demonstration in the logic of ethno-economic prophecy:

> When the full account of the Soviet efforts to train the peasants as scientific grain farmers is published . . . all that I have been saying will be amply confirmed. The supreme rally of 1931 has already failed, as was anticipated by most experienced observers. . . . What went wrong, aside from a slightly unfavorable spell of weather? The people themselves!

In the logic of ethno-nationalism:

> Russia is not a nation; this is admitted by its present form of central government when it calls itself the Union of Soviet Republics.

And also by the state of Texas when it calls its central government the United States of America, though Mr. Pitkin omits to mention that.

Regretfully I admit I haven't space to tell the half; and as regretfully, almost, I contemplate the space I have already spent on these quotations. However, I think a certain necessity is involved. The book last considered seems to me a key to those which follow. In a minor way

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demonstration which the former begins. It also seems to me that the work from which I have quoted so freely is the key to Pitkin the writer and thinker, or rather to that phase of him which, in the more recent books, comes less insistently to view. . . . Given the problems that confront a Class-A middle-aged professional person in the routine of everyday existence, I mean, the subject of this examination comes off very well indeed. He seldom or never times his progress wrongly at street crossings, or eats a chocolate eclair and a mess of cold slaw within the same quarter-hour, or weaves loose from a midtown bar at 2:00 A. M. and takes a train for Dover, New Jersey, only to wind up in Great Neck. He also conducts himself with great efficiency in the subsistence-gaining field of endeavor, and so precisely balances his activities that he makes the most economical use of both his working and leisure times. Within these limits, then, he is perfectly capable of offering sound comment and advice. But he is subject to the delusions that dog nearly all such commonsensely successful men: he is inevitably goaded to believe, that is, that he can extend his thermostatically controlled thought into the domain of sociological phenomena and get results as sound and true as those he achieves in the workaday world of his daily round. The product of the operation is only what might be expected—it is, that is to say, nonsense so numb, sallies so sparkless, irony so malignant and dull that looking upon it one recognizes it at once as the unleavened ideological bread of the doomed.

MURRAY GODWIN.

The Modern World in Fable

Five Silver Daughters, by Louis Golding. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THIS STORY, an attempt to set down in fiction certain trends in contemporary history, begins in a mood that might, if persisted in, have produced a work in the same genre as Zangwill's "King of the Schnorrers," and possibly as good, for Mr. Golding has an authentic gift for realistic farce. But his flights, now into tragedy, now into romance, never really come off. We are plunged in turn into Dickens—not the best Dickens—into Wassermann, into the Arabian Nights and what not, and as we follow episode after episode of the author's fertile brain we get a strong feeling of irreality. Lenin as a character never comes to life; the Commissar Polednick has no entity as a human being. Such an incident as Elsie's marriage lacks substance because, conceived as high romance, it too quickly degenerates into an affair between a silly girl and a gigolo.

More than a decade passes between the rise and the fall of the Silver fortunes, a period during which Susan goes to Russia as the wife of Commissar Polednick; Elsie, first to Nice as the wife of a milk-and-water English Lord, then to Berlin as the mistress of a Nazi count; and Sarah marries the Russian Smirnoff, financier and counter-revolutionary, who commits suicide when his grandiose plans fail, leaving his partner, Silver *père*, to face the music. Esther, the eldest daughter, also marries, retaining to the end her bourgeois sanity, which begins and ends in acquisitiveness. May, the youngest, alone is undaunted, and her virtue finds ultimate reward in the consummation of her thwarted romance with a young poet, whom the family's wealth had estranged. Contentment reigns in the Silver home in Oleander Street, Doomington, after the father's return to [illegible] upheaval. Mr. Golding surely knows his Doomington. His relative failure to know the world is perhaps due to the fact that in a sense he has never left it.

JOHN COURNOS.

Notes from Epicurus

A Journal of These Days, by Albert Jay Nock. New York: William Morrow and Company. 309 pages. $2.75.

SOME YEARS ago, the advantages of being "cultured" began to be so widely appreciated that the word became a favorite of professional charm-developers and the publishers of books on table manners. At that point, naturally, the word was dropped like a rotten vegetable from the vocabularies of sophisticates, but the appetite it had nourished remained, and its place was soon taken by the blessed word "civilized." Hamilton Wright Mabie, Agnes Repplier and Mrs. Gerould had been among the most highly cultured citizens of the republic, and now Messrs. Branch Cabell, H. L. Mencken and J. G. Huneker came forward as representatives of the most complete civilization. Of this elegant company Mr. Nock is not a perfectly characteristic member, but many a passage in his highly readable diary proves that he belongs among them as rightfully as anyone. "I believe the Holland-America line, voyage in and voyage out," he says, "carries more civilized human freight than all the others put together. I wonder that all civilized travelers do not take it—if perchance not all of them do—for its ships provide precisely what a civilized person desires." What such a person desires is clear to anyone who ever read The American Mercury in Mr. Mencken's time or keeps up now with The American Spectator.

The hallmark of the civilized man, of course, is a nice contempt for the largest possible number of things and people, and Mr. Nock hardly lags behind Mr. Cabell himself in his scorn of the "riffraff," the "ignoble and repulsive . . . mass of the small bourgeois," the "mass man" (who never has been and never will be a "human being"), and the "man of the crowd" (who is scarcely superior to the "higher anthropoids"). Now and then, indeed, Mr. Nock is capable of condescensions which some of his competitors must envy him: the record-breaker of the present volume is probably the passage on D. H. Lawrence, whom Brand Whitlock (Mr. Nock tells us) regards as a "low-life." "Reading 'Sons and Lovers,'" adds Mr. Nock, "made me wonder whether he ever washed behind his ears." This is almost as good as J. R. Lowell's description of Whitman as "a rowdy, a New York tough, a loafer, a frequenter of low places, a friend of cab drivers."

It is true that Mr. Nock sees through a lot of real humbug as well as through D. H. Lawrence, and there are entries in his printed diary on American politics, on British superiority, on Yale University and the like, which have a satirical stick in them one can only enjoy. Yet the civilized man is known by the few things he admires as well as by the mass of things he condemns; and, just as it is disenchanting for Mr. Mencken to praise Will Durant, so it is disenchanting for Mr. Nock to tell his readers that he has more respect for Nicholas Murray Butler than for any other man prominent in public life, or that Henry George was one of the first half-dozen minds of the nineteenth century, or that the English political system is "practically perfect" compared with ours, or that the [illegible] Revolution were the nation's "best

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

respect." If our leading *civilisés* feel obliged to melt now and then, why must they so frequently melt for the benefit of worse swindles than those they lambaste? It can only be a grief to those whom Mr. Mencken calls their "customers," and must sometimes suggest that the iteration of one's claim to the highest civilization is a cant like any other.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Books in Brief

Weymouth Sands, by John Cowper Powys. New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.

POWYS is a latter-day prophet of sensual mysticism. His Sylvanus Cobbold in his latest novel is, thus far certainly, his extreme, ultimate protagonist. Sylvanus calls himself Caput-Anus. He flirts with a sunbeam, his "Trivia, Trivia, Trivia." He sleeps chastely with young girls whose bodies, pressed to him, are the medium through which he glimpses the Infinite. He mutters, he exhorts, he roams. As in "A Glastonbury Romance," Powys plays with philosophical ideas, with superstitions, with religions, with nebulous suggestions from a hundred sources. There is a touch of telepathy, a bit of palmistry, considerable of Christ and more of Pan, a little Plato, allusions to Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, intimations of D. H. Lawrence and odds and ends from English nature poetry, the erotic classics and Eastern religiosity. There are also some splendid, glamorous passages and a number of unusual, poetic, brilliant and theatrical scenes. All that is best in "Weymouth Sands" is also in "Wolf Solent," which remains Mr. Powys' best novel.

F. T. M.

Science and Sanity, by Alfred Korzybski. New York: The Science Press Publishing Company. 818 pages. $5.50.

A popular preacher once gave the following formula for his sermons: "First I tells 'em *that* I tells 'em; then I tells 'em *what* I tells 'em; then I *tells* 'em; then I tells 'em *what* I told 'em; and then I tells 'em *that* I told 'em." Mr. Korzybski's book is written on this model. A dozen years ago he announced in his "Manhood of Humanity" a cure for human ills: man must be recognized to be a "time-binder," a creature who begins life with the accumulated heritage of the past. But the world listened not. Undaunted, Mr. Korzybski now finds, in a book three times the size of his first one, that the real source of the misery in modern society consists in "semantic blockages"—we confound abstractions with things, or abstractions on one level of analysis with abstractions on another level. And he claims that when our semantic reactions are adjusted (by methods "outlined" in these 800 pages), wars, revolutions, bribery, prostitution, insanity, commercialism, etc., will tend to disappear. Writing as much as Mr. Korzybski does, he is bound to say good things occasionally. But most of the book consists of irrelevant material taken from mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology and psychiatry.

E. N.

Early Days Among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, by John H. Seger. Edited by Stanley Vestal. Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press. 155 pages. $2.

These posthumous reminiscences of John H. Seger were first published in 1924. Reissued now by the University of Oklahoma Press, and edited by Stanley Vestal, they present an interesting and valuable account of the difficulties experienced by [illegible] a new mode of life. John H. Seger, the first superintendent of schools on the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation, brought to his work an instinctive appreciation of the primitive viewpoint, and he needed it. His Indians were fresh from the buffalo hunt and the warpath; they despised agriculture, and believed that the white man earned his living in that way only because he was a poor hunter. After interesting his braves in soil and cattle culture, Mr. Seger met with still another difficult problem. White cowhands resented the competition of Indians, and white ranchers in the neighborhood, coveting Indian land, invented atrocity stories to get them moved off their reservation. Unintentionally the book gives a good picture of how our aboriginal population has been victimized.

J. G.

Sky Determines, by Ross Calvin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 354 pages. $2.50.

As to ideas this book is in the main a synthesis, drawing upon the work of Huntington, Fewkes, Mary Austin and others. But Dr. Calvin has infused the theory of climatic foreordination with a sensitiveness of his own. He writes of desert, mountains, and the forests of New Mexico, passing on to chapters on "forgotten peoples," the *conquistadores*, the *pueblеños*, Mexicans and Apaches. In these later chapters he catches threads of history, yet keeps a minute preoccupation with the face of this dramatically beautiful land, maintaining that "sky" has often determined the sequence of events. His interpretations are often highly suggestive and convincing. Although large outlines are sometimes lost in the concern for exquisite detail, and although New Mexico might have been more truly evoked by a bolder approach, the quiet unstressed style of the book, its air of leisure and reflection, make it a considerable novelty in present-day writing; here and there Dr. Calvin suggests Gilbert White of Selbourne.

C. R.

Contributors

ROBERT CANTWELL, author of "Laugh and Lie Down" and "The Land of Plenty," is now in San Francisco where he has been observing the general strike.

EVELYN SEELEY, former staff member of The New York World-Telegram, is now living in Menlo Park, California.

T. R. CARSKADON is a native of West Virginia who has done journalistic, radio and advertising work in New York City and on the Pacific Coast.

BRENT DOW ALLINSON, formerly special adviser to the Board of Education in Cleveland, Ohio, is now in Washington writing on education and public affairs.

HOWARD WOLF is an editorial writer for the Akron (Ohio) Beacon Journal. He is a contributor to The New English Weekly, The American Mercury, The Anvil and other periodicals.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, recently connected with the University of Texas and now associate editor of The Modern Monthly, is the author of "The Gospel According to Judas," "This Land of Liberty," and co-author of "Mary Baker Eddy: The Truth and the Tradition."

MURRAY GODWIN has contributed articles to The New Freeman, The North American Review, Transition and The American Mercury.

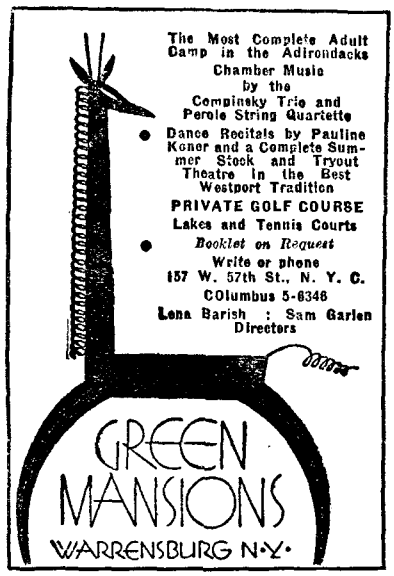
JOHN COURNOS, author, among other books, of "The New Candide," is now preparing "Essays in the Machine Age," as well as a novel and an autobiography.

NEWTON ARVIN, assistant professor of English at Smith College, is the author of a life of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Fred T. Marsh, Ernest Nagel, Joe Gould and Constance Rourke.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER PLACES


The Most Complete Adult Camp in the Adirondacks
Chamber Music by the Compinsky Trio and Perole String Quartette
Dance Recitals by Pauline Koner and a Complete Summer Stock and Tryout Theatre in the Best Westport Tradition
PRIVATE GOLF COURSE
Lakes and Tennis Courts
Booklet on Request
Write or phone
157 W. 57th St., N. Y. C.
COlumbus 5-6346
Lena Barish : Sam Garlen
Directors
GREEN MANSIONS
WARRENSBURG N.Y.

Western View Farm

An Inn unique in its hospitality
Fifteenth Season
Rates: $8.00 a day by the day; $7.00 a day by the week. $6.00 a day by the month; $5.50 a day by the season.
Service a la mode Continentale
Address: EDWARD G. OHMER, New Milford, Conn.—Telephone, New Milford 440.

CAMP UNITY

For a Vacation You Will Remember!
Red Vodvil Team—Unity Players
Phil Bard, Director.
Swimming and Boating on Lake Ellis
All Sports. Daily Programs.
Finest Food.
Phone ALgonquin 4-1148 to make sure that we aren't overcrowded before coming to the camp at Wingdale, New York.

CAMP NITGEDAIGET

Proletarian camp at Beacon-on-the-Hudson, N. Y. Interesting programs, open forums, left-wing-leader speakers. All the sports including swimming and tennis. Finest food. Modern hotel, bungalows or tents. $14 a week or $2.65 a day. Cars leave from 2700 Bronx Park East daily at 10:30 A. M. On Fridays and Saturdays, 10 A. M., 3 and 7 P. M. EStabrook 8-1400.

THE OLD ORCHARD—Ridgefield, Conn. For persons afflicted with good taste and small means, desiring delightful country week-ends, or longer. Reasonable rates. Information-reservations: write or phone 593-5. New York Phone BOulevard 8-4556.

VINEYARD LODGE, Ulster Park, N. Y.
Garden Spot of Ulster County
Modern hotel amidst beautiful 200 acre fruit and grape farm, solarium, saddle horses, tennis courts, social activities, refinement, congeniality, American Jewish cuisine. Rates reduced to $16. JOSEPH ROSENTHAL, KINGSTON 3430.

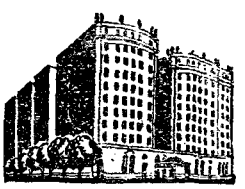
BEAUTIFUL SPOT for vacation, 90 miles north. Indian Lake, brook, hills, large light rooms, new beds, Viennese Cooking. Mrs. E. Eigner, Ragans Farm, Millerton, N. Y.

ACRES FOR SALE

Have 300 acres. Will sell 5 acres or more to a few families having young children. Reasonable — creeks, electricity — woods, mountains. Lovely country. 15 miles from Woodstock — 22 from Kingston. MILVY.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

Single Rooms from $4
Double Rooms from $6



Business men arriving in the National Capital usually have a common destination . . . They know that time is saved and more accomplished when reservations are made at this hub of Washington's busy official life

THE *Mayflower*

Washington, D.C. Mr. R. L. Pollio, Manager

Others Have Copied the Name, But Not the Service

BOOKS

READ RARE BOOKS

Members read without buying rare, scarce, out-of-print books; limited privately printed editions, unabridged translations. Write for information giving age and occupation.
ESOTERIKA BIBLION SOCIETY
"Dept. C-6" 15 East 45th Street, New York

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes in completing libraries, also procuring out-of-print books; reasonable. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS

HOUSE OF BOOKS, LTD., 555 Madison Avenue, New York. Modern first editions and current books.

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIAN HISTORY and economics, pre-war and Soviet publications in English and Russian. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, New York City.

FLOWER PRINTS

FLOWER PRINTS for framing and decoration. Early 19th Century flower prints, hand-colored. Ten postpaid for $1.00. Money returned if not satisfactory. Oxford Book Shop, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FOR RENT

BORO HALL—Attractive apartments; refrigeration, fireplaces, roof garden. 4 rooms, $55; 5 rooms, $5. 174 State St. MAin 4-6821.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. One or two large rooms in attractive detached house; private bath, kitchen, electric refrigerator. 57 Hinckley Place, near Stratford and Beverly Rds. Call or phone BUckminster 2-6607.

GENERAL

EXCESS LEISURE PROBLEMS are most profitable and inexpensively met by CONTACTS, correspondence club for the mentally isolated. Over 1,000 highly cultured members, everywhere. Unusual books loaned free. Send 3c postage and ask for Prospectus 103 CONTACTS, Box 91, Station D, New

SHARE AUTO TRIP

PROFESSIONAL MAN, safe driver, will drive for party or share trip expense to Detroit or Chicago. Start July 29 to Aug. 2. Box 850, The New Republic.

POSITION WANTED

BROOKWOOD LABOR COLLEGE graduate. Federated Press correspondent, (25), male, single, needs work. Reporter, research, clerical. Consider anything. Box 849, The New Republic.

A good book can be your best companion during the long evenings, when you may sit, comfortably at home, in cool attire.

Or on vacation, let a book help you rest and recuperate and while away the sunny hours, or rainy spells.

Your book dealer has volumes to enchant the traveler or volumes that make staying at home a pleasure. Let him prescribe the right book for you.

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION

LIBRARY OF THE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED